









**BEEES IN AMBER**



## JOHN OXENHAM'S NOVELS

GOD'S PRISONER  
RISING FORTUNES  
OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE  
A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY  
JOHN OF GERISAU  
UNDER THE IRON FLAIL  
BONDMAN FREE  
MR. JOSEPH SCORER  
BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU  
A WEAVER OF WEBS  
HEARTS IN EXILE  
THE GATE OF THE DESERT  
WHITE FIRE  
GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE  
PROFIT AND LOSS  
THE LONG ROAD  
CARETTE OF SARK  
PEARL OF PEARL ISLAND  
THE SONG OF HYACINTH  
MY LADY OF SHADOWS  
GREAT-HEART GILLIAN  
A MAID OF THE SILVER SEA  
LAURISTONS  
THE COIL OF CARNE  
THEIR HIGH ADVENTURE  
QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS  
MR. CHERRY  
THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE  
MARY ALL-ALONE  
RED WRATH  
MAID OF THE MIST  
BROKEN SHACKLES  
FLOWER OF THE DUST  
MY LADY OF THE MOOR  
"1914"

### VERSE

BEES IN AMBER. *100th Thousand*  
"ALL'S WELL!" *70th Thousand*  
THE KING'S HIGH WAY. *55th Thousand*





FRIEND  
THERE IS NO DEATH !  
I AM THE BEGINNING  
NOT THE END ! ("THE SHADOW")



# BEES IN AMBER

A LITTLE BOOK OF THOUGHTFUL  
VERSE

BY

JOHN OXENHAM

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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TO  
THOSE  
I HOLD DEAREST  
THIS  
OF MY BEST

## AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

IN these rushful days an apology is advisable, if not absolutely essential, from any man, save the one or two elect, who has the temerity to publish a volume of verse.

These stray lines, such as they are, have come to me from time to time, I hardly know how or whence ; certainly not of deliberate intention or of malice aforethought. More often than not they have come to the interruption of other, as it seemed to me, more important—and undoubtedly more profitable—work.

They are, for the most part, simply attempts at concrete and rememberable expression of ideas—ages-old most of them—which “asked for more.”

Most writers, I imagine, find themselves at times in that same predicament—worried by some thought which dances within them and stubbornly refuses to be satisfied with the sober dress of prose. For their own satisfaction and relief, in such a case, if they be not fools they endeavour to garb it more to its liking, and so find peace. Or, to vary the metaphor, they pluck the Bee out of their Bonnet and pop it into such amber as they happen to have about them or are able to evolve, and so put an end to its buzzing.

In their previous states, these little Bonnet-Bees of mine have apparently given pleasure to quite a number of intelligent and thoughtful folk ; and now—chiefly, I am bound to say, for my own satisfaction in seeing them all together—I have gathered them into one bunch.

If they please you—good ! If not, there is no harm done, and one man is content.

JOHN OXENHAM

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
Credo . . . . .	12
New Year's Day—and Every Day . . . . .	13
Philosopher's Garden . . . . .	15
Flowers of the Dust . . . . .	16
The Pilgrim Way . . . . .	17
Everymaid . . . . .	18
Better and Best . . . . .	19
The Shadow . . . . .	20
The Potter . . . . .	21
Nightfall . . . . .	22
The Pruner . . . . .	23
The Ways . . . . .	23
Seeds . . . . .	24
Whirring Wheels . . . . .	25
The Bells of Ys . . . . .	26
The Little Poem of Life . . . . .	27
Cup of Mixture . . . . .	27
Weavers All . . . . .	28
The Clearer Vision . . . . .	28
Shadows . . . . .	29
The Inn of Life . . . . .	30
Life's Chequer-Board . . . . .	32
Cross-Roads . . . . .	32
Quo Vadis? . . . . .	33
Tamate . . . . .	34



	PAGE
Burden-Bearers . . . . .	35
The Iron Flail . . . . .	35
Sark . . . . .	36
E. A. . . . .	37
The Passing of the Queen . . . . .	38
The Golden Cord . . . . .	39
Thank God for Peace! . . . . .	40
God's Handwriting . . . . .	41
Stephen—Saul . . . . .	42
Paul . . . . .	43
Wakening . . . . .	43
Macedonia, 1903 . . . . .	43
Hearts in Exile . . . . .	45
Wandered . . . . .	46
Bide a Wee! . . . . .	48
The Word that was left Unsaid . . . . .	49
Don't Worry! . . . . .	50
The Golden Rose . . . . .	51
Gadara, A.D. 31 . . . . .	52
The Bells of Stepan Iline . . . . .	53
Bolt that Door! . . . . .	54
Giant Circumstance . . . . .	54
The Hungry Sea . . . . .	55
We thank Thee, Lord. . . . .	56
The Vail . . . . .	56
No East or West . . . . .	57
The Day—The Way . . . . .	57
Liberty, Equality, Fraternity . . . . .	58
Freemen . . . . .	59
The Long Road . . . . .	60
The Ballad of Lost Souls . . . . .	61
The Christ . . . . .	69
Profit and Loss . . . . .	69
Free Men of God . . . . .	70

# CONTENTS

9

	PAGE
Props . . . . .	71
The Gate . . . . .	72
Bring us the Light . . . . .	76
All's Well! . . . . .	77
His Mercy endureth for ever . . . . .	79
God is Good . . . . .	80
Treasure Trove . . . . .	82
The Prince of Life . . . . .	82
Judgment Day . . . . .	83
Darkness and Light . . . . .	83
India . . . . .	85
Livingstone . . . . .	85
Livingstone the Builder . . . . .	87
Livingstone's Soliloquy . . . . .	89
Faith . . . . .	90
Kapiolani . . . . .	91
They Come! . . . . .	102
"I Will!" . . . . .	103
Processionals . . . . .	104
A little Te Deum of the Commonplace . . . . .	107
Your Place . . . . .	114
Policeman X. . . . .	115
In Narrow Ways. . . . .	122
Shut Windows . . . . .	122
Some—and Some . . . . .	123
Bed-Rock . . . . .	123
After Work . . . . .	124
Kapiolani in Rarotongan . . . . .	125
For the Men at the Front . . . . .	126



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

“ Friend, There is no Death! I am the Beginning, —Not the End !” (“ The Shadow”)	•	<i>Frontispiece</i>
		FACING PAGE
“ The Pilot knows the Unknown Seas, And He will bring us through. (“ New Year’s Day—and Every Day”)		12
“ The Shadows that come of the life-giving sun Crouch at his feet.” (“ Shadows”)	•   •   •	28
“ No room for Thee, Thou Man of Galilee! Pass on! Pass on!” (“ The Inn of Life”)	•   •	30
“ In the rim of the Light he laid him, Repented of his sin.” (“ The Ballad of Lost Souls”)		68
“ Why wait ye here without? Come, follow me!” (“ The Gate”)	•   •   •	74
“ With quickened hearts that find Thee everywhere, We thank Thee, Lord!” (“ A Little Te Deum”)		106
“ Shall it be Peace—or War? It rests with Thee.” (“ Policeman X.”)	•   •	116

## C R E D O

Not what, but **Whom**, I do believe,  
That, in my darkest hour of need,  
Hath comfort that no mortal creed  
To mortal man may give;—

Not what, but **Whom** !  
For Christ is more than all the creeds,  
And His full life of gentle deeds  
Shall all the creeds outlive.

Not what I do believe, but **Whom** !  
**Who** walks beside me in the gloom ?  
**Who** shares the burden wearisome ?  
**Who** all the dim way doth illume,  
And bids me look beyond the tomb  
The larger life to live?—

Not what I do believe,

But **Whom** !

Not what,

But **Whom** !





THE PILOT KNOWS THE UNKNOWN SEAS  
AND HE WILL BRING US THROUGH.  
("NEW YEAR'S DAY AND EVERY DAY")



# BEES IN AMBER

## NEW YEAR'S DAY—AND EVERY DAY

*Each man is Captain of his Soul,  
And each man his own Crew,  
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,  
And He will bring us through.*

We break new seas to-day,—  
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,  
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,  
The mystic circles leap  
To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities;  
Bringing us—what?

—Dread shoals and shifting banks?

—And calms and storms?

—And clouds and biting gales?

—And wreck and loss?

—And valiant fighting-times?

And, maybe, Death! and so, the Larger Life!

*For should the Pilot deem it best  
To cut the voyage short,  
He sees beyond the sky-line, and  
He'll bring us into Port.*

And, maybe, Life,—Life on a bounding tide,  
And chance of glorious deeds ;—  
Of help swift-borne to drowning mariners ;  
Of cheer to ships dismasted in the gale ;  
Of succours given unasked and joyfully ;  
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

*So—Ho for the Pilot's orders,  
Whatever course He makes !  
For He sees beyond the sky-line,  
And He never makes mistakes.*

And, maybe, Golden Days,  
Full freighted with delight !  
—And wide free seas of unimagined bliss,  
—And Treasure Isles, and Kingdoms to be won,  
—And Undiscovered Countries, and New Kin.

*For each man captains his own Soul,  
And chooses his own Crew,  
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,  
And He will bring us through.*

PHILOSOPHER'S GARDEN

*"See this my garden,  
Large and fair!"*  
—Thus, to his friend,  
The Philosopher.

*"'Tis not too long,"*  
His friend replied,  
With truth exact,—  
*"Nor yet too wide.  
But well compact,  
If somewhat cramped  
On every side."*

Quick the reply—  
*"But see how high!—  
It reaches up  
To God's blue sky!"*

Not by their size  
Measure we men  
Or things.  
Wisdom, with eyes  
Washed in the fire,  
Seeketh the things  
That are higher—  
Things that have wings,  
Thoughts that aspire.



## FLOWERS OF THE DUST

THE Mills of God grind slowly, but they grind  
exceeding small,—  
So soft and slow the great wheels go they scarcely  
move at all ;  
But the souls of men fall into them and are powdered  
into dust,  
And in that dust grow the Passion-Flowers—Love,  
Hope, Trust.

Most wondrous their upspringing, in the dust of the  
Grinding-Mills,  
And rare beyond the telling the fragrance each  
distils.  
Some grow up tall and stately, and some grow sweet  
and small,  
But Life out of Death is in each one—with purpose  
grow they all.

For that dust is God's own garden, and the Lord  
Christ tends it fair,  
With oh, such loving kindliness! and oh, such  
patient care!  
In sorrow the seeds are planted, they are watered  
with bitter tears,  
But their roots strike down to the Water-Springs  
and the Sources of the Years.

NOTE.—The first line only is adapted from the *Sinngedichte* of  
Friedrich von Logau.

These flowers of Christ's own providence, they  
 wither not nor die,  
 But flourish fair, and fairer still, through all eternity.  
 In the Dust of the Mills and in travail the amaranth  
 seeds are sown,  
 But the Flowers in their full beauty climb the  
 Pillars of the Throne.

### THE PILGRIM WAY

BUT once I pass this way,  
 And then—no more.  
 But once—and then, the Silent Door  
 Swings on its hinges,—  
 Opens . . . closes,—  
 And no more  
 I pass this way.  
 So while I may,  
 With all my might,  
 I will essay  
 Sweet comfort and delight  
 To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.  
 For no man travels twice  
 The Great Highway,  
 That climbs through Darkness up to Light,—  
 Through Night  
 To Day.

## EVERYMAID

KING's Daughter !  
Wouldst thou be all fair,  
Without—within—  
Peerless and beautiful,  
A very Queen ?

Know then :—  
Not as men build unto the Silent One,—  
With clang and clamour,  
Traffic of rude voices,  
Clink of steel on stone,  
And din of hammer ;—  
Not so the temple of thy grace is reared.  
But,—in the inmost shrine  
Must thou begin,  
And build with care  
A Holy Place,  
A place unseen,  
Each stone a prayer.  
Then, having built,  
Thy shrine sweep bare  
Of self and sin,  
And all that might demean ;  
And, with endeavour,  
Watching ever, praying ever,  
Keep it fragrant-sweet, and clean :  
So, by God's grace, it be fit place,—  
His Christ shall enter and shall dwell therein.

Not as in earthly fane—where chase  
Of steel on stone may strive to win  
Some outward grace,—  
*Thy temple face is chiselled from within.*

BETTER AND BEST

BETTER in bitterest agony to lie,  
Before Thy throne,  
Than through much increase to be lifted up on high  
And stand alone.

Better by one sweet soul, constant and true,  
To be beloved,  
Than all the kingdoms of delight to trample through  
Unloved, unloved.

Yet best—the need that broke me at Thy feet,  
In voiceless prayer,  
And cast my chastened heart, a sacrifice complete,  
Upon Thy care.

For all the world is nought, and less than nought,  
Compared with this,—  
That my dear Lord, with His own life, my ransom  
bought,  
And I am His.

## THE SHADOW

SHAPELESS and grim,  
 A Shadow dim  
 O'erhung the ways,  
 And darkened all my days.  
 And all who saw,  
 With bated breath,  
 Said, "It is Death!"

And I, in weakness  
 Slipping towards the Night,  
 In sore affright  
 Looked up. And lo!—  
 No Spectre grim,  
 But just a dim  
 Sweet face,  
 A sweet high mother-face,  
 A face like Christ's Own Mother's face,  
 Alight with tenderness  
 And grace.

"Thou art not Death!" I cried;—  
 For Life's supremest fantasy  
 Had never thus envisaged Death to me;—  
 "Thou art not Death, the End!"

In accents winning,  
 Came the answer,—"*Friend,*  
     *There is no Death!*  
     *I am the Beginning,*  
     —*Not the End!*"



THE POTTER

A POTTER, playing with his lump of clay,  
Fashioned an image of supremest worth.

*"Never was nobler image made on earth,  
Than this that I have fashioned of my clay.  
And I, of mine own skill, did fashion it,—  
I—from this lump of clay."*

The Master, looking out on Pots and Men,  
Heard his vain boasting, smiled at that he said.

*"The clay is Mine, and I the Potter made,  
As I made all things,—stars, and clay, and men.  
In what doth this man overpass the rest?  
—Be thou as other men!"*

He touched the Image,—and it fell to dust,  
He touched the Potter,—he to dust did fall.

Gently the Master,—*"I did make them all,—  
All things and men, heaven's glories, and the dust.  
Who with Me works shall quicken death itself,  
Without Me—dust is dust."*

## NIGHTFALL

FOLD up the tent !  
The sun is in the West.  
To-morrow my untented soul will range  
Among the blest.

And I am well content,  
For what is sent, is sent,  
And God knows best.

Fold up the tent,  
And speed the parting guest !  
The night draws on, though night and day are one  
On this long quest.

This house was only lent  
For my apprenticeship—  
What is, is best.

Fold up the tent !  
Its slack ropes all undone,  
Its pole all broken, and its cover rent,—  
Its work is done.

But mine—tho' spoiled and spent  
Mine earthly tenement—  
Is but begun.

Fold up the tent !  
Its tenant would be gone,  
To fairer skies than mortal eyes  
May look upon.

All that I loved has passed,  
And left me at the last  
Alone !—alone !

Fold up the tent !  
Above the mountain's crest,  
I hear a clear voice calling, calling clear,—  
“ To rest ! To rest ! ”  
And I am glad to go,  
For the sweet oil is low,  
And rest is best !

### THE PRUNER

God is a zealous pruner,  
For He knows——  
Who, falsely tender, spares the knife,  
But spoils the rose.

### THE WAYS

To every man there openeth  
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.  
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,  
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,  
And in between, on the misty flats,  
The rest drift to and fro.  
But to every man there openeth  
A High Way, and a Low.  
And every man decideth  
The Way his soul shall go.

## SEEDS

WHAT shall we be like when  
We cast this earthly body and attain  
To immortality?  
What shall we be like then?

Ah, who shall say  
What vast expansions shall be ours that day?  
What transformations of this house of clay,  
To fit the heavenly mansions and the light of day?  
Ah, who shall say?

But this we know,—  
We drop a seed into the ground,  
A tiny, shapeless thing, shrivelled and dry,  
And, in the fulness of its time, is seen  
A form of peerless beauty, robed and crowned  
Beyond the pride of any earthly queen,  
Instinct with loveliness, and sweet and rare,  
The perfect emblem of its Maker's care.

This from a shrivelled seed?—  
—Then may man hope indeed!

For man is but the seed of what he shall be,  
When, in the fulness of his perfecting,  
He drops the husk and cleaves his upward way,  
Through earth's retardings and the clinging clay,

Into the sunshine of God's perfect day.  
 No fetters then! No bonds of time or space!  
 But powers as ample as the boundless grace  
 That suffered man, and death, and yet, in tender-  
     ness,  
 Set wide the door, and passed Himself before—  
 As He had promised—to prepare a place.

Yea, we may hope!  
 For we are seeds,  
 Dropped into earth for heavenly blossoming.  
 Perchance, when comes the time of harvesting,  
 His loving care  
 May find some use for even a humble tare.

We know not what we shall be—only this—  
 That we shall be made like Him—as He is.

### WHIRRING WHEELS

LORD, when on my bed I lie,  
 Sleepless, unto Thee I'll cry;  
 When my brain works overmuch,  
 Stay the wheels with Thy soft touch.

Just a quiet thought of Thee,  
 And of Thy sweet charity,—  
 Just a little prayer, and then  
 I will turn to sleep again.

## THE BELLS OF YS

WHEN the Bells of Ys rang softly,—softly,  
    *Soft—and sweet—and low,*  
Not a sound was heard in the old gray town,  
As the silvery tones came floating down,  
But life stood still with uncovered head,  
And doers of ill did good instead,  
And abroad the Peace of God was shed,  
    *When the bells aloft sang softly—softly,*  
    *Soft—and sweet—and low,—*  
    *The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,—*  
    *Aloft, and aloft, and alow.*

And still those Bells ring softly,—softly,  
    *Soft—and sweet—and low,—*  
Though full twelve hundred years have gone,  
Since the waves rolled over the old gray town,  
Bold men of the sea, in the grip of the flow,  
Still hear the Bells, as they pass and go,  
Or win to life with their hearts aglow,  
    *When the Bells below sing softly—softly,*  
    *Soft—and sweet—and low,—*  
    *The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,—*  
    *Alow, and alow, and alow.*

O the Mystical Bells, they still ring softly,  
    *Soft—and sweet—and low,—*  
For the sound of their singing shall never die,  
In the hearts that are tuned to their melody ;

And down in the world's wild rush and roar,  
 That sweeps us along to the Opening Door,  
 Hearts still beat high as they beat of yore,  
     *When the Bells sing softly—softly—softly,*  
     *Soft—and sweet—and low,—*  
*The Silver Bells and the Golden Bells,—*  
     *Alow, and aloft, and alow.*

### THE LITTLE POEM OF LIFE

I ;—  
 Thou ;—  
 We ;—  
 They ;—  
 Small words, but mighty.  
 In their span  
 Are bound the life and hopes of man.

For, first, his thoughts of his own self are full ;  
 Until another comes his heart to rule.  
 For them, life's best is centred round their love ;  
 Till younger lives come all their love to prove.

### CUP OF MIXTURE

For every Guest who comes with him to sup,  
 The Host compounds a strangely-mingled cup ;—  
 Red Wine of Life and Dregs of Bitterness,  
 And, will-he nill-he, each must drink it up.



## WEAVERS ALL

WARP and Woof and Tangle,—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

Living and dying—and mightier dead,

For the shuttle, once sped, is sped—is sped ;—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

White, and Black, and Hodden-gray,—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

To every weaver one golden strand

Is given in trust by the Master-Hand ;—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

And that we weave, we know not,—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

The threads we see, but the pattern is known

To the Master-Weaver alone, alone ;—

*Weavers of Webs are we.*

## THE CLEARER VISION

WHEN, with bowed head,

And silent-streaming tears,

With mingled hopes and fears,

To earth we yield our dead ;

The Saints, with clearer sight,

Do cry in glad accord,—

*“ A soul released from prison*

*Is risen, is risen,—*

*Is risen to the glory of the Lord.”*



THE SHADOWS THAT COME OF THE LIFE-GIVING SUN  
CROUCH AT HIS FEET. ("SHADOWS")



SHADOWS

SHADOWS are but for the moment—  
Quickly past ;  
And then the sun the brighter shines  
That it was overcast.

For Light is Life !  
Gracious and sweet,  
The fair life-giving sun doth scatter blessings  
With his light and heat,—  
And shadows.  
But the shadows that come of the life-giving sun  
Crouch at his feet.

No mortal life but has its shadowed times—  
Not one !  
Life without shadow could not taste the full  
Sweet glory of the sun.

No shadow falls, but there, behind it, stands  
The Light.  
Behind the wrongs and sorrows of life's troublous  
ways  
Stands RIGHT.



ANNO DOMINI 1913, etc. etc.

“No room!

No room!

No room for Thee,

Thou Man of Galilee!

The house is full,

Yea—overfull.

There is no room for Thee,—

Pass on! Pass on!

Nay—see!

The place is packed.

We scarce have room

For our own selves,

So how shall we

Find room for Thee,—

Thou Man of Galilee,—

Pass on! Pass on!

But—if Thou shouldst

This way again,

And we can find

So much as one small corner

Free from guest,

Not then in vain

Thy quest.

But now—

The house is full.

Pass on!”

## BEES IN AMBER

Christ passes  
 On His ceaseless quest,  
 Nor will He rest  
 With any,  
 Save as Chiefest Guest.

## LIFE'S CHEQUER-BOARD

" 'Tis all a Chequer-Board of Nights and Days,  
 Where Destiny with men for pieces plays,  
 Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,  
 And one by one back in the Closet lays."

*Omar Khayyám*

A CHEQUER-BOARD of mingled Light and Shade?  
 And We the Pieces on it deftly laid?  
 Moved and removed, without a word to say,  
 By the Same Hand that Board and Pieces made?

No Pieces we in any Fateful Game,  
 Nor free to shift on Destiny the blame;  
 Each Soul doth tend its own immortal flame,  
 Fans it to Heaven, or smothers it in shame.

## CROSS-ROADS

OFT, as he jogs along the Winding-Way,  
 Occasion comes for Every Man to say,—  
 "This Road?— or That?" and as he chooses then,  
 So shall his journey end in Night or Day.

QUO VADIS?

PETER, outworn,  
And menaced by the sword,  
Shook off the dust of Rome ;  
And, as he fled,  
Met one, with eager face,  
Hastening cityward.  
And, to his vast amaze,  
It was The Lord.

*" Lord, whither goest Thou ? "*

He cried, importunate ;  
And Christ replied,—

*" Peter, I suffer loss.  
I go to take thy place,  
To bear thy cross."*

Then Peter bowed his head,  
Discomforted ;  
There, at the Master's feet,  
Found grace complete,  
And courage, and new faith,  
And turned—with Him,  
To Death.

So we,—

Whene'er we fail  
Of our full duty,

Cast on Him our load,—

Who suffered sore for us,

Who frail flesh wore for us,

Who all things bore for us,—

On Christ, The Lord.



## TAMATE

*Great-Heart is dead, they say,—*

Great-Heart the Teacher,  
Great-Heart the Joyous,  
Great-Heart the Fearless,  
Great-Heart the Martyr,  
Great-Heart of Sweet White Fire.

*Great-Heart is dead, they say,—*

Fighting the fight,  
Holding the Light,  
Into the night.

*Great-Heart is dead, they say.—*

But the Light shall burn the brighter,  
And the night shall be the lighter,  
For his going ;  
And a rich, rich harvest for his sowing.

*Great-Heart is dead, they say !—*

What is death to such an one as Great-Heart ?

One sigh, perchance, for work unfinished here ;—  
Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere,  
New joys, perfected powers, the vision clear,  
And all the amplitude of heaven to work  
The work he held so dear.

*Great-Heart is dead, say they ?*

Nor dead nor sleeping ! He lives on ! His name  
Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame.  
The fire he lighted shall burn on and on,  
Till all the darkness of the lands be gone,

And all the kingdoms of the earth be won,  
And one.

*A soul so fiery sweet can never die,  
But lives and loves and works through all eternity.*

### BURDEN-BEARERS

BURDEN-BEARERS are we all,  
Great and small.  
Burden-sharers be ye all,  
Great and small !  
Where another shares the load,  
Two draw nearer God.  
Yet there are burdens we can share with none,  
Save God ;  
And paths remote where we must walk alone,  
With God ;  
For lonely burden and for path apart—  
Thank God !  
If these but serve to bring the burdened heart  
To God.

### THE IRON FLAIL

TIME beats out all things with his iron flail,  
Things great, things small.  
With steady strokes that never fail,  
With slow, sure strokes of his iron flail,  
Time beats out all.

## SARK

PEARL Iridescent ! Pearl of the sea !  
Shimmering, glimmering Pearl of the sea !  
White in the sun-flecked Silver Sea,  
White in the moon-decked Silver Sea,  
White in the wrath of the Silver Sea,—  
Pearl of the Silver Sea !

Lapped in the smile of the Silver Sea,  
Ringed in the foam of the Silver Sea,  
Glamoured in mists of the Silver Sea,—  
Pearl of the Silver Sea !  
Glancing and glimmering under the sun,  
Jewel and casket all in one,  
Joy supreme of the sun's day-dream,  
Soft in the gleam of the golden beam,—  
Pearl of the Silver Sea !  
Splendour of Hope in the rising sun,  
Glory of Love in the noonday sun,  
Wonder of Faith in the setting sun,—  
Pearl of the Silver Sea !

Gaunt and grim to the outer world,  
Jewel and casket all impearled  
With the kiss of the Silver Sea !—  
With the flying kiss of the Silver Sea,  
With the long sweet kiss of the Silver Sea,  
With the rainbow kiss of the Silver Sea,—  
Pearl of the Silver Sea !  
And oh the sight,—the wonderful sight,  
When calm and white, in the mystic light

Of her quivering pathway, broad and bright,  
The Queen of the Night, in silver dight,  
Sails over the Silver Sea!

Wherever I go, and wherever I be,  
The joy and the longing are there with me,—  
The gleam and the glamour come back to me,—  
In a mystical rapture there comes to me,  
The call of the Silver Sea!  
As needle to pole is my heart to thee,  
Pearl of the Silver Sea!

E. A., Nov. 6, 1900

BRIGHT stars of Faith and Hope, her eyes  
Shall shine for us through all the years.  
For all her life was Love, and fears  
Touch not the love that never dies.

And Death itself, to her, was but  
The wider opening of the door  
That had been opening, more and more,  
Through all her life, and ne'er was shut.

—And never shall be shut. She left  
The door ajar for you and me,  
And, looking after her, we see  
The glory shining through the cleft.

And when our own time comes,—again  
We'll meet her face to face ;—again  
We'll see the star-shine ; and again  
She'll greet us with her soft, "Come ben!"

## THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN

JANUARY 1901

*Hark ! The drums ! Muffled drums !  
 The long low ruffle of the drums !—*  
 And every head is bowed,  
 In the vast expectant crowd,  
 As the Great Queen comes,—  
     By the way she knew so well,  
     Where our cheers were wont to swell  
     As we tried in vain to tell  
     Of our love unspeakable.

Now she comes  
 To the rolling of the drums,  
 And the slow sad tolling of the bell.  
 Let every head be bowed,  
 In the silent waiting crowd,  
 As the Great Queen comes,  
 To the slow sad ruffle of the drums !

*Who is this that comes,  
 To the rolling of the drums,  
 In the sorrowful great silence of the peoples ?*  
 Take heart of grace,  
 She is not here !  
 The Great Queen is not here !  
     What most in her we did revere,—  
     The lofty spirit, white and clear,  
     The tender love that knew no fear,  
     The soul sincere,—

These come not here,  
To the rolling of the drums,  
In the silence and the sorrow of the peoples.

*Death has but little part  
In her. Love cannot die.  
Who reigns in every heart  
Hath immortality.*

So, though our heads are bent,  
Our hearts are jubilant,  
As she comes,—  
As a conqueror she comes—  
With the rolling of the drums,  
To the stateliest of her homes,  
In the hearts of her true and faithful peoples.

*For the Great Queen lives for ever  
In the hearts of those who love her.*

### THE GOLDEN CORD

THROUGH every minute of this day,  
Be with me, Lord!  
Through every day of all this week,  
Be with me, Lord!  
Through every week of all this year,  
Be with me, Lord!  
Through all the years of all this life,  
Be with me, Lord!  
So shall the days and weeks and years  
Be threaded on a golden cord,

And all draw on with sweet accord  
 Unto Thy fulness, Lord,  
 That so, when time is past,  
 By Grace, I may at last,  
     Be with Thee, Lord.

# THANK GOD FOR PEACE!

JUNE 1902

## *Thank God for Peace!*

Up to the sombre sky  
 Rolled one great thankful sigh,  
 Rolled one great gladsome cry—  
 The soul's deliverance of a mighty people.

## *Thank God for Peace!*

The long-low-hanging war-cloud rolled away,  
 And night glowed brighter than the brightest day.  
 For Peace is Light,  
 And War is grimmer than the Night.

## *Thank God for Peace!*

Great ocean, was your mighty calm unstirred,  
 As through your depths, unseen, unheard,  
 Sped on its way the glorious word  
 That called a weary nation to ungird,  
 And sheathed once more the keen, reluctant sword?

## *Thank God for Peace!*

The word came to us as we knelt in prayer  
 That wars might cease.  
 Peace found us on our knees and prayer for Peace

Was changed to prayer of deepest thankfulness.  
We knelt in War, we rose in Peace to bless  
Thy grace, Thy care, Thy tenderness.

*Thank God for Peace!*

No matter now the rights and wrongs of it ;  
You fought us bravely, and we fought you fair.  
The fight is done. Grip hands ! No malice bear !  
We greet you, brothers, to the nobler strife  
Of building up the newer, larger life !

Join hands ! Join hands ! Ye nations of the  
stock !

And make henceforth a mighty Trust for Peace ;—  
A great enduring peace that shall withstand  
The shocks of time and circumstance ; and every  
land

Shall rise and bless you—and shall never cease  
To bless you—for that glorious gift of Peace.

GOD'S HANDWRITING

HE writes in characters too grand  
For our short sight to understand ;  
We catch but broken strokes, and try  
To fathom all the mystery  
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,  
The endless war, the useless strife,—  
But there, with larger, clearer sight,  
We shall see this—His way was right.



## STEPHEN—SAUL

STEPHEN, who died while I stood by consenting,  
Wrought in his death the making of a life,  
Bruised one hard heart to thought of swift repenting,  
Fitted one fighter for a nobler strife.

Stephen, the Saint, triumphant and forgiving,  
Prayed while the hot blows beat him to the earth.  
Was that a dying? Rather was it living!—  
Through his soul's travail my soul came to birth.

Stephen, the Martyr, full of faith and fearless,  
Smiled when his bruised lips could no longer  
pray,—  
Smiled with a courage undismayed and peerless,—  
Smiled!—and that smile is with me, night and  
day.

O, was it *I* that stood there, all consenting?  
*I*—at whose feet the young men's clothes were  
laid?  
Was it *my* will that wrought that hot tormenting?  
My heart that boasted over Stephen, dead?

Yes, it was I. And sore to me the telling.  
Yes, it was I. And thought of it has been  
God's potent spur my whole soul's might compelling  
These outer darknesses for Him to win.

PAUL

BOND-SLAVE to Christ, and in my bonds rejoicing,  
 Earmarked to Him I counted less than nought ;  
 His man henceforward, eager to be voicing  
 That wondrous Love which Saul the Roman  
 sought.

Sought him and found him, working bitter sorrow ;  
 Found him and claimed him, chose him for His  
 own ;  
 Bound him in darkness, till the glorious morrow  
 Unsealed his eyes to that he had not known.

WAKENING

THIS mortal dies,—  
 But, in the moment when the light fails here,  
 The darkness opens, and the vision clear  
 Breaks on his eyes.  
 The vail is rent,—  
 On his enraptured gaze heaven's glory breaks.  
 He was asleep, and in that moment wakes.

MACEDONIA, 1903

DEVILS' work !  
 Devils' work, my masters !  
*Britain, your hands are red !*  
 You may close your heart, but you cannot shirk

This terrible fact,—*We—kept—the—Turk.*  
His day was past and we knew his work,  
But he played our game so we kept the Turk,  
For our own sake's sake we kept the Turk.

*Britain, your hands are red !*

Red are the walls and the ways,  
*And—Britain, your hands are red !*  
There is blood on the hearth, and blood in the well,  
And the whole fair land is a red, red hell,—  
*Britain, your hands are red !*

*“ Come over ! Come over and help us ! ”*  
We are deaf to the ancient cry.  
*—“ For the sake of our women and children ! ”*  
And Britain stands quietly by.  
*O Britain, your hands are red !*

*Cleanse your hands, Britain !*  
Yea, cleanse them in blood if it *must* be !  
For blood that is shed in the cause of right  
Has power, as of old, to wash souls white.  
*Cleanse your hands, Britain !*

O for the fiery grace of old,—  
The heart and the masterful hand !  
But grace grows dim and the fire grows cold,  
We are heavy with greed and lust and gold,  
And life creeps low in the land.

*Break your bonds, Britain !*

Stand up once again for the right !

We have stained our hands in the times that are  
past,

Before God, we would wash them white.

*For the nations are in the proving ;*

*Each day is Judgment Day ;*

*And the peoples He finds wanting*

*Shall pass—by the winding way.*

## HEARTS IN EXILE

O EXILED Hearts—for you, for you—

Love still can find the way !

*Hear the voices of the women on the road !*

O Shadowed Lives—for you, for you—

Hope hath not lost her ray !

*Hear the laughter of the children on the road !*

O Gloomy Night—for you, for you—

Dawn tells of coming day !

*Hear the clink of breaking fetters on the road !*

O Might sans Right—for you, for you—

The feet of crumbling clay !

*Hear the slow, sure tread of Freedom on the road !*

## WANDERED

THE wind blows shrill along the hill,  
 —*Black is the night and cold—*  
 The sky hangs low with its weight of snow,  
 And the drifts are deep on the wold.  
 But what care I for wind or snow?  
 And what care I for the cold?

*Oh . . . where is my lamb—  
 My one ewe lamb—  
 That strayed from the fold?*

The beasts are safely gathered in,  
 —*Black is the night and cold—*  
 They are snug and warm, and safe from harm,  
 In stall and byre and fold.  
 And the dogs and I, by the blazing fire,  
 Care nought for the snow and the cold.

*Oh . . . where is my lamb—  
 My one ewe lamb—  
 That strayed from the fold?*

The barns are bursting with their store  
 Of grain like yellow gold;  
 A full, fat year has brought good cheer,  
 —*Black is the night and cold.—*  
 But . . . What care I for teeming barns?  
 And what care I for gold?

*Oh . . . where is my lamb—  
 My one ewe lamb—  
 That strayed from the fold?*

In the great kitchen, maids and men,  
*—Black is the night and cold—*  
 Laugh loud and long, with jest and song,  
 And merry revel hold.  
 Let them laugh and sing, let them have their fling,  
 But for me—I am growing old.

*Oh . . . where is my lamb—*

*My one ewe lamb—*

*That strayed from the fold ?*

The old house moans, and sighs and groans,  
*—Black is the night and cold—*  
 We have seen brave times, you and I, old friend,  
 But now—we are growing old.  
 We have stood foursquare to many a storm,  
 But now—we are growing old.

*Oh . . . where is my lamb—*

*My one ewe lamb—*

*That strayed from the fold ?*

Her mother sleeps on the hill out there,  
*—Black is the night and cold—*  
 She is free from care, she is happier there,  
 Beneath the warm brown mould.  
 And I've sometimes hoped they may have met,  
 And the end of the tale be told.

*Ah . . . where is our lamb—*

*Our one ewe lamb—*

*That strayed from the fold ?*

Was that a branch that shed its load?  
*—Black is the night and cold—*  
 Or—was it a footstep in the snow—  
 A timid footstep—halting, slow?  
 Ah me! I am getting old!  
 Is that a tapping—soft and low?  
 Can it be . . . I thought I heard . . . but no,  
 'Twas only a branch that shed its snow,—  
 God's truth! I am getting old!  
     *For I thought . . . maybe*  
     *It was my lamb*  
     *Come home again to the fold.*

Dear Lord!—a hand at the frozen pane!  
*—White on the night's black cold—*  
 O my lamb! my lamb! are you come again?  
 My dear lost lamb, are you come again?  
 Are you come again to the fold?  
 It is! . . . It is! . . . Now I thank Thee, Lord  
 For Thy Mercies manifold!  
     *She is come again!*  
     *She is home again!*  
     *My lamb that strayed from the fold!*

### BIDE A WEE!

THOUGH the times be dark and dreary,  
 Though the way be long,  
 Keep your spirits bright and cheery,—  
 —“Bide a wee, and dinna weary!”  
     Is a heartsome song.

THE WORD THAT WAS LEFT UNSAID

"A RED rose for my helmet,  
And a word before we part !  
The rose shall be my oriflamme,  
The word shall fill my heart."

*Heart, Heart, Heart of my heart—  
Just a look, just a word and a look !  
A look or a sign that my love shall divine,  
And a word for my hungering heart !*

She toyed with his love and her roses ;  
Was it mischief or mischance ?—  
She dropped him a rose—'twas a white one,  
And he lifted it on his lance.

*Heart, Heart, Heart of my heart !  
Is it thus—is it thus we part ?  
With never a look, and never a sign,  
Nor a word for my hungering heart !*

She sought him among the dying,  
She found him among the dead ;  
And the rose was still in his helmet,  
But his life had stained it red.

*Heart, Heart, Heart of my heart !  
Now my heart within me is dead.  
And alack for the look !  
And alas for the sign !  
And the word that was left unsaid !*



## DON'T WORRY

JUST do your best,  
 And leave the rest  
 To Him who gave you  
 Life,—  
 And Zeal for Labour,—  
 And the Joy of Strife,—  
 And Zest of Love,—  
 And all that lifts your soul above  
 The lower things.

Life's truest harvest is in what we *would*,  
 And strive our best for,  
 Not most in what we *could*.  
 The things we count supreme  
 Stand, haply, not so high  
 In God's esteem  
 As *How* and *Why*.

All-Seeing Sight  
 Cleaves through the husk of things,  
 Right to the Roots and Springs,—  
 Sees all things whole,  
 And measures less the body than the soul.  
 All-Righteous Right  
 Will weigh men's motives,  
 Not their deeds alone.  
 End and Beginning unto Him are one ;  
 And *would* for *could* shall oft, perchance,  
     atone.

Motives are seeds,  
 From which at times spring deeds  
 Not equal to the soul's outreaching hope.  
 Strive for the stars!  
 Count nought well done but best!  
 Then, with brave patience, leave the rest  
 To Him who knows.  
 He'll judge you justly ere the record close.

### THE GOLDEN ROSE

THE Golden Rose is blowing still,  
 Is growing still, is glowing still,  
 In lowly vale, on lordly hill,  
 The Golden Rose is blowing still;—  
 If only you can find it!

The Golden Rose still breaks and blows,  
 Still breaks and blows, still gleams and glows,  
 'Mid icy blasts, and wintry snows,  
 The Golden Rose still breaks and blows;—  
 Search well and you may find it!

The Golden Rose can never die,  
 'Tis grafted on Eternity;  
 In hearts that Love doth glorify,  
 The Golden Rose can never die,—  
 May it be yours to find it!

## GADARA, A.D. 31

RABBI, begone ! Thy powers  
Bring loss to us and ours.  
Our ways are not as Thine.  
Thou lovest men, we—swine.  
Oh, get you hence, Omnipotence,  
And take this fool of Thine !  
His soul ? What care we for his soul ?  
What good to us that Thou hast made him whole,  
Since we have lost our swine ?

And Christ went sadly.  
He had wrought for them a sign  
Of Love, and Hope, and Tenderness divine ;  
They wanted—swine.  
Christ stands without *your* door and gently knocks ;  
But if your gold, or swine, the entrance blocks,  
He forces no man's hold—He will depart,  
And leave you to the treasures of your heart.

No cumbered chamber will the Master share,  
But one swept bare  
By cleansing fires, then plenished fresh and fair  
With meekness, and humility, and prayer.  
There will He come, yet, coming, even there  
He stands and waits, and will no entrance win  
Until the latch be lifted from within.

THE BELLS OF STEPAN ILINE

(*Cradle Song from "The Long Road"*)

WHISHT, Baby! Whisht!  
 Quick below the cover!  
 Down into your nest, my bird!  
 And—don't—you—dare—peep—over!  
 For the gray wolves they are prowling,  
 They are prowling, they are prowling.  
 And the snow-wind it is howling,  
 It is howling, it is howling.  
 Hark! - - - Hark! - - -  
 Out there in the dark—  
 Ow - - - ooh! Ow - - - ooh!  
 S-s-s-s-seee - - oo - - ooh!  
 The wolves they are lean,  
 So-o-o lean, so-o-o lean!  
 And the wind it is keen,  
 So-o-o keen, so-o-o keen!  
 And they seek little babies who aren't sleeping!  
 But lie you still, my Baby dear!  
 Lie still, lie still, and maybe you'll hear—  
 Hark! - - - Hark! - - -  
 Out there in the dark,—  
 The silver bells and the golden bells,  
 The swinging bells and the singing bells,—  
 The bells that are heard but never are seen,  
 The wind and the wolves, and the bells in  
 between,—

## BEES IN AMBER

The bells of Iline,  
Good Stepan Iline,—  
The bells of good Stepan  
Iline !

## BOLT THAT DOOR !

EACH sin has its door of entrance.  
Keep—that—door—closed !  
Bolt it tight !  
Just outside, the wild beast crouches  
In the night.  
Pin the bolt with a prayer,  
God will fix it there.

## GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE

THOUGH every nerve be strained  
To fine accomplishment,  
Full oft the life falls spent  
Before the prize is gained.  
And, in our discontent  
At waste so evident,  
In doubt and vast discouragement  
We wonder what is meant.  
But, tracing back, we find  
A Power that held the ways—  
A Mighty Hand, a Master Mind,  
That all the troubled course defined,  
And overruled the days.

Some call it Fate ; some—Chance ;  
 Some—Giant Circumstance ;  
 And some, upreaching to the sense  
 Of God within the circumstance,  
 Do call it—Providence !

THE HUNGRY SEA

Down to the sea, the hungry sea,  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*  
 Seeking food for the bairns and me,  
 Seeking food in the hungry sea ;  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*

My man and my lad—their bones are white,  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*  
 Into the maw of the grim black night,  
 Their hearts were bold and their faces bright ;  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*

The sun was red and the clouds were black,  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*  
 And the sky was heavy with flying wrack,  
 When forth they fared,—and they came not back ;  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*

Forth they fared, and they came not back,  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*  
 O, I fear the sea, and I hate the sea,  
 That took my man and my lad from me ;  
*O the sea is hungry ever !*

## WE THANK THEE, LORD

WE thank Thee, Lord,  
That of Thy tender grace,  
In our distress  
Thou hast not left us wholly comfortless.

We thank Thee, Lord,  
That of Thy wondrous might,  
Into our night  
Thou hast sent down the glory of the Light.

We thank Thee, Lord,  
That all Thy wondrous ways,  
Through all our days,  
Are Wisdom, Right, and Ceaseless Tenderness.

## THE VAIL

HE only sees both sides of that dark veil  
That hangs before men's eyes—  
He only. It is well!  
Hope ever stands unseen  
Behind the screen,  
For knowledge would bring Hope to sudden death,  
And cloud the present with the coming ill.  
I would lie still, Dear Lord,  
I would lie still,  
And stay my troubled heart on Thee,  
Obedient to Thy will.

NO EAST OR WEST

IN Christ there is no East or West,  
 In Him no South or North,  
 But one great Fellowship of Love  
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere  
 Their high communion find.  
 His service is the golden cord  
 Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands then, Brothers of the Faith,  
 Whate'er your race may be!—  
 Who serves my Father as a son  
 Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West,  
 In Him meet South and North,  
 All Christly souls are one in Him,  
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

THE DAY—THE WAY

Not for one single day  
 Can I discern my way,  
 But this I surely know,—  
 Who gives the day,  
 Will show the way,  
 So I securely go.



## LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

O God, within whose sight  
All men have equal right  
To worship Thee.  
Break every bar that holds  
Thy flock in diverse folds !  
Thy Will from none withholds  
Full liberty.

Lord, set Thy Churches free  
From foolish rivalry !

Lord, set us free !  
Let all past bitterness  
Now and for ever cease,  
And all our souls possess  
Thy charity !

Lord, set the people free !  
Let all men draw to Thee  
In unity !

Thy temple courts are wide,  
Therein let all abide  
In peace, and side by side,  
Serve only Thee.

God, grant us now Thy peace !  
Bid all dissensions cease !

God, send us peace !  
Peace in True Liberty,  
Peace in Equality,  
Peace and Fraternity,  
God, send us peace !

FREEMEN

LET no man stand between my God and me !  
 I claim a Free Man's right  
 Of intercourse direct with Him,  
 Who gave me Freedom with the air and light.  
 God made me free.—  
 Let no man stand between  
 Me and my liberty !

We need no voice to tell us God is Love.—  
 Have we not eyes to see,  
 And minds to apprehend, and hearts  
 That leap responsive to His Charity ?  
 God's gifts are free.—  
 Let no man stand between  
 Us and His liberty !

We need no hand to point the way to heaven.—  
 God's heaven 's here,—is there,—  
 Man's birthright, with the light and air,—  
 " God is His own and best interpreter."  
 His ways are free.—  
 Let no man stand between  
 Us and His liberty !

Let no man strive to rob us of this right !  
 For this, from age to age,  
 Our fathers did a mighty warfare wage,  
 And, by God's help, we'll keep our heritage !

God says—"Be Free!"

And we,—

"NO MAN SHALL STAND BETWEEN  
OUR SONS AND LIBERTY!"

### THE LONG ROAD

LONG the road,  
Till Love came down it!  
Dark the life,  
Till Love did crown it!  
Dark the life,  
And long the road,  
Till Love came  
To share the load!  
For the touch  
Of Love transfigures  
All the road  
And all its rigours.  
Life and Death  
Love's touch transfigures.  
Life and Death,  
And all that lies  
In between;  
Love sanctifies.  
Once the heavenly spark is lighted,  
Once in love two hearts united,  
Nevermore  
Shall aught that was be  
As before.

## THE BALLAD OF LOST SOULS

With the thirty pieces of silver,  
They bought the Potter's Field ;  
For none would have the blood-money  
And the interest it might yield.

The Place of Blood for the Price of Blood,  
And that was meet, I ween,  
For there they would bury the dead who died  
In frowardness and sin.

And the first man they would bury there  
Was Judas Iscariot ;  
And that was as dreadful a burying  
As ever was, I wot.

For the sick earth would not keep him ;  
Each time it thrust him out,  
And they that would have buried him  
Stood shuddering round about.

And others they would bury  
In that unhallowed spot,  
But honest earth would none of them,  
Because of Iscariot.

And oh, it was a fell, fell place,  
With dead black trees all round,  
And a quag that boiled and writhed and coiled  
Where had been solid ground.

For every tree that stood there,  
And the green grass every blade,

Shrivelled and died on every side,  
Whenever the price was paid.

And in despair they left him there,  
And there his body lay,  
Till his sad soul came, all black with shame,  
And carried it away.

And those denied a sepulture  
In that most dismal spot,  
Gibbered and flew, a ghastly crew,  
Incensed with rage, that grew and grew,  
Against Iscariot.

For their souls were all in torment,  
While their bodies uncovered lay,  
And never a moment's rest was theirs,  
Either by night or day.

That was a place of wailings,  
And the grisly things of Death,—  
The bare black arms of the trees above,  
And the black quag underneath.

No light of the moon fell on it,  
Nor ever a star did shine  
On the quivering face of that dread place,  
Because of Iscariot's sin.

Then there came by the soul of Iscariot,  
The same who sold his Lord,  
And he dragged his body after him,  
But never spake a word.

Since earth his body would not,  
He must drag it to and fro,  
He had tried in vain to be quit of it,  
But it would not let him go.

So the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Came by the Potter's Field,  
And there the ill his deed had wrought  
Was unto him revealed.

And when the others saw him,  
They leaped at him eagerly ;—  
"This is he for whom we suffer !  
—'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! 'Tis he !"

Then all afire with mad desire,  
They chased him through the dark,  
And each soul carried his dead bodie,  
Grim, and stiff, and stark.

They struck at him with their bodies,  
They cursed him for his sin,  
They made to tear his dumb soul there,  
With their fingers long and lean.

And Judas fled in his horror,  
With that fell crew behind,  
And as they sped the people said  
Death rode upon the wind.

They chased him near, they chased him far,  
Because of his treachery,

And ever he just escaped their lust,  
And ever they were nigh.

They chased him near, they chased him far,  
And ever they were nigh,  
And never a star shone out on them  
Out of the cold black sky.

And as they sped by Calvary,  
There were empty crosses three,—  
And on the ground, below the mound,  
Lay one in agony.

*“ Three times I swore I knew him not,  
And then—he looked on me.  
Ah, such a look !—no harshest word  
Had ever proved so sharp a sword  
To my inconstancy.*

*“ Three times I did deny thee, Lord,  
And yet, thou couldst forgive !  
Now am I thine—in life, in death ;  
Thee will I serve with every breath,  
While I have breath to give.”*

They sped by an open window,  
Where one knelt all alone,  
In great amaze, in greater grief,  
In woe that wrestled with belief,  
The Mother mourned her Son.

*" My son, I knew thee more than man,—  
Ah me !—and the heart of me !  
Yet, man in God, and God in man,  
Still wast thou part of me."*

*" The nails through thy dear hands and feet,—  
Ah me ! they pierced my own.  
The thorns that on thy brow they plied,—  
The spear they drove into thy side,—  
The pangs thy Godhead could not hide,—  
They pierced me too, my son."*

*" My son ! My son ! My more than son,  
My heart is full for thee !  
Yet, tho' I know thee so much more  
Than ever mortal man before,—  
Yea, tho' I worship and adore,—  
Woe's me !—and the heart of me !"*

And ever they came by the Potter's Field,  
And thrust their bodies in,  
And ever the sick earth spat them out,  
Because of Iscariot's sin.

They sped along a palace-wall,  
The feast waxed high inside,—  
On Golgotha the Cross still stood,  
The Cross where man had nailed his God,  
Red was the Rood still with His blood,—  
They drank—" *The Crucified !*"

The revel gashed the sombre night,  
And fast the wine-cups plied,—



Time touched Eternity that day ;—  
God had come down to man that day ;—  
The world began anew that day ;—  
They drank—“ *The Crucified !* ”

And ever again to the Potter's Field,  
The Souls in torment came,  
But the black quag boiled and writhed and coiled,  
And would have none of them.

And everywhere strange shapes of death  
Walked in the fearsome gloom,  
For that last cry from Calvary  
Had rent in twain the Temple vail,  
And burst the gates of Doom.

Through all the startled city, walked  
The saints that had been dead,  
And to the sorrowful in heart  
Holy comfort ministrèd.

And when they met Iscariot,  
Sore hounded in the chase,  
They cried to him, for the Love of God,  
To seek God's grace.

And ever to the Field of Death  
The souls in torment came,  
Seeking the rest of the Blessèd Dead,—  
But Earth would none of them.

And as they whirled through a garden,  
They came on an empty tomb,

The stone was gone, a soft light shone  
Full softly on the gloom.

Bright was that Light, and wondrous bright,  
'Twas brighter than the sun ;  
As then it shone, so shines it now,  
And shall when Time is done.

And all along the pathway  
Was a track of throbbing light ;  
Where the Christ had gone His footsteps shone  
Like stars in a velvet night.

'Twas the spent soul of Iscariot  
Was like the wind-blown dust,  
As nearer still, and near, and near,  
He bent and crept, in doubt and fear,  
He came because he must.

'Twas the sick soul of Iscariot  
That drew from out the night,  
And the full of his sin was known to him  
In the Shining of the Light.

In the rim of the Light he laid him,  
Repented of his sin.

*" I wotted not ! I wotted not !  
Dear Master, take me in ! "*

And as he lay there sorrowing,  
Up came the felon crew.  
They flailed him with their dead bodys,  
They heeded not his rue.

They flailed him with their dead bodÿs,  
He heeded not their spleen.

*" I wotted not ! I wotted not !  
Dear Master, take me in ! "*

And then . . . a Vision and a Voice,—  
And the Word made manifest,—  
*" Lay down thy load where I abode,  
And I will give thee rest !*

*" And ye,—no more hunt Iscariot !  
He repents him of his sin.  
And never a soul that repenteth  
But he may enter in.*

*" This Day the Door is opened  
That shall never close again,  
And never a soul that would come in  
Shall seek to come in vain."*

So the dead soul of Iscariot  
Was born again that night ;  
For the Lord Christ came dead souls to claim  
And lead them into Light.

And the souls of the unburied,  
When they looked upon His face,  
Were cleansed of sin and entered in  
To His redeeming grace.



IN THE RIM OF THE LIGHT HE LAID HIM,  
REPENTED OF HIS SIN. ("THE BALLAD OF LOST SOULS.")



So, by that wonderful great Love  
Which highest heaven extols,—  
To Mother Earth their dead bodÿs,  
And unto Christ their souls.

### THE CHRIST

THE good intent of God became the Christ,  
And lived on earth—the Living Love of God,  
That men might draw to closer touch with heaven,  
Since Christ in all the ways of man hath trod.

### PROFIT AND LOSS

PROFIT ?—Loss ?  
Who shall declare this good—that ill ?—  
When good and ill so intertwine  
But to fulfil the vast design  
Of an Omniscient Will ?—  
When seeming gain but turns to loss,—  
When earthly treasure proves but dross,—  
And what seemed loss but turns again  
To high, eternal gain ?

Wisest the man who does his best,  
And leaves the rest  
To Him Who counts not deeds alone,  
But sees the root, the flower, the fruit,  
And calls them one.

## FREE MEN OF GOD

FREE men of God, the New Day breaks  
In golden gleams across the sky ;  
The darkness of the night is past,  
This is the Day of Victory.

For this our fathers strove  
In stern and fiery love—  
That men to come should be  
Born into liberty—

That all should be—as we are—Free !

Free men of God, gird up your loins,  
And brace you for the final fight !  
Strike home, strike home for Truth and Right !  
—Yet bear yourselves as in His sight !

For this our fathers fought,  
This with their lives they bought—  
That you and I should be  
Heirs of their liberty—

That all should be—as we are—Free !

Free men we are and so will be ;  
We claim free access unto Him,  
Who widened all the bounds of life,  
And us from bondage did redeem.

Let no man intervene,  
Or draw a vail between  
Us and our God, for He  
Would have His people free,—

And we would be—as Thou art—Free.

Free men of God, your Birthright claim!  
 Our fathers won it with a price.  
 They paid in full to axe and flame,  
 Nor counted up the sacrifice.

    This is our heritage,  
     And here we do engage,  
     Each man unto his son  
     Intact to pass it on.  
 So shall they be—as we are—Free!

Our Sure Defence, in times of stress,  
 Thy gates stand open, wide and free,  
 When men provoke and wrongs oppress,  
 We seek Thy wider liberty.

    With loftier mind and heart,  
     Let each man bear his part!  
     So—to the final fight,  
     And God defend the right!  
 We shall, we must, we will be—Free!

### PROPS

EARTHLY props are useless,  
     On Thy grace I fall;  
 Earthly strength is weakness,  
     Father, on Thee I call,—  
     For comfort, strength, and guidance,  
     O, give me all!



## THE GATE

“ A little child shall lead them ”

I TROD an arduous way, but came at last  
To where the city walls rose fair and white  
Above the darkening plain,—a goodly sight.  
And eagerly, while yet a great way off,  
My eyes did seek the Gates—the Great White Gates  
That close not ever, day or night, but stand  
Wide as the love of Christ that opened them.  
But nought could I discern of gate or breach,  
The wall stood flawless far as eye could reach.

But when I drew in closer to the wall,  
I saw a lowly portal, strait and small ;  
So small, a man might hardly enter there,  
Low-browed and shadowed, and close-pressed to  
earth—

A very needle's eye—scarce visible.  
I looked and wondered. Could this trivial way  
Be the sole entrance to the light of day ?  
And as I stood perplexed, a clear voice cried,—  
“ Come ! Enter in ! *The Gate is open wide.* ”

And while I stood in doubt, there came along  
One of earth's mighty ones—a conqueror  
Of kings. He looked for gates that should swing wide  
To meet his high estate and welcome him.  
He stood and gazed, then raised his voice and cried,  
“ My work on earth is done. I would within.”

And from the City wall the voice replied,—  
*“Come! Enter in! The Gate is open wide.”*  
 He stood perplexed, then set himself to wait  
 Till Might should help him to discern the Gate.

Another came,—a man of mind so rare,  
 He scarce had breathed the common earthly air.  
 Knowledge was his, and wisdom so profound,  
 All things he knew in heaven and earth. No bound  
 To his accomplishment, until he sought  
 The great wide-opened Gate,—and found it not.  
 He stood perplexed, and then cried wearily,  
*“Pray give me entrance. I am done with earth.”*  
 And from the City wall the clear voice cried,—  
*“Come! Enter in! The Gate is open wide.”*  
 He looked in vain, then set himself to wait  
 Till Wisdom should direct him to the gate.

I saw a woman come, noble and fair,  
 And pure of heart, and in her goodly deeds  
 More richly robed than Fashion's fairest queen.  
 And to myself I said,—“Surely for her  
 A way will open that she may go in!”  
 She said no word, but stood and looked upon  
 The shining walls, with eyes that answering shone.  
 And from the City wall the clear voice cried,—  
*“Come! Enter in! The Gate is open wide.”*  
 She looked in vain, then set herself to wait  
 Till Love should help her to discern the Gate.

And one there came, with clear keen face—a Judge  
Of men on earth, and famed for fearless truth.  
His robes were stainless and his heart was clean.  
“Entrance I crave,” he cried, “to well-earned rest,—  
And mercy-tempered justice and no more.”  
And from the City wall the clear voice cried,—  
“*Come ! Enter in ! The Gate is open wide.*”  
He looked in vain, then set himself to wait  
Till Judgment should direct him to the Gate.

And one there came, sad-eyed, his brow still raw  
From pressure of an earthly crown. He too  
Sought glorious entrance through wide-opened  
gates,  
And stood perplexed. He had borne well his part,  
And served his people and his God, and died  
The Martyr’s death, and yet he found no gate.  
“I fain would rest,” he cried. “My life has been  
One ceaseless striving. I would enter in.”  
And from the City wall the clear voice cried,—  
“*Come ! Enter in ! The Gate is open wide.*”  
Perplexed he stood, then set himself to wait  
Till Patient Waiting should discern the Gate.

And one who had had riches beyond most,  
And yet subserved them to his Master’s good,  
Came searching for the heavenly gates, and stood  
Amazed to find no opening in the walls.  
“I gave of all I had,” he cried, “and held  
Nought as my own,—yet entrance is denied.”



WHY WAIT YE HERE WITHOUT?  
COME, FOLLOW ME! ("THE GATE.")



And from the City wall the clear voice cried,—  
*"Come ! Enter in ! The Gate is open wide."*  
 He stood perplexed, then set himself to wait  
 Till Charity should point him to the Gate.

And many more there were who entrance craved,  
 And sought the Great White Gates, and stood perplexed.

And ever, from within, the clear voice cried,—  
*"Come ! Enter in ! The Gate is open wide."*  
 They sought in vain, and set themselves to wait  
 Till Light was given them to discern the Gate.

And then—a child in white came carolling  
 Along the arduous road we all had trod.  
 He stopped and looked, then laughed with childish  
 glee,—  
*"Why wait ye here without ? Come, follow me !"*—  
 And passed, scarce bending, through the lowly  
 door,—  
 We heard his singing,—him we saw no more.

The woman stooped and looked, with eyes that  
 shone,  
 Into the doorway where the child had gone ;  
 Then loosed her robes and dropped, and in a shift  
 Of pure white samite, on her hands and knees  
 She crept into the doorway and was gone,  
 And we stood gazing at the way she went.

And, one by one, they followed. First the Judge  
Laid by his robes, and bowed him to the ground,  
And followed—where the little child had led.  
And he whose brow had borne that weighty crown  
Bent low and followed,—where the little child had  
led.

And he who knew so much of earthly things  
Discarded them, and, on his hands and knees,  
Crept through the doorway,—where the little child  
had led.

And he of riches laid him in the dust  
And followed,—where the little child had led.  
And, last of all, the War Lord cast aside  
His victor's wreaths, and all his pomp and pride,  
And followed,—where the little child had led.  
And, groping through my fears, I bowed my head  
And followed,—where the little child had led.

### BRING US THE LIGHT

I HEAR a clear voice calling, calling,  
Calling out of the night,  
O, you who live in the Light of Life,  
Bring us the Light!

We are bound in the chains of darkness,  
Our eyes received no sight,  
O, you who have never been bond or blind,  
Bring us the Light!

We live amid turmoil and horror,  
Where might is the only right,  
O, you to whom life is liberty,  
Bring us the Light!

We stand in the ashes of ruins,  
We are ready to fight the fight,  
O, you whose feet are firm on the Rock,  
Bring us the Light!

You cannot—you shall not forget us,  
Out here in the darkest night,  
We are drowning men, we are dying men,  
Bring, O, bring us the Light!

### ALL'S WELL!

Is the pathway dark and dreary?  
God's in His heaven!  
Are you broken, heart-sick, weary?  
God's in His heaven!  
Dreariest roads shall have an ending,  
Broken hearts are for God's mending.  
All's well! All's well!  
All's . . . well!

Are life's threads all sorely tangled?  
God's in His heaven!  
Are the sweet chords strained and jangled?  
God's in His heaven!



Tangled threads are for Love's fingers,  
Trembling chords make heaven's sweet singers.

All's well! All's well!

All's . . . well!

Is the burden past your bearing?

God's in His heaven!

Hopeless?—Friendless?—No one caring?

God's in His heaven!

Burdens shared are light to carry,

Love shall come though long he tarry.

All's well! All's well!

All's . . . well!

Is the light for ever failing?

God's in His heaven!

Is the faint heart ever quailing?

God's in His heaven!

God's strong arms are all around you,

In the dark He sought and found you.

All's well! All's well!

All's . . . well!

Is the future black with sorrow?

God's in His heaven!

Do you dread each dark to-morrow?

God's in His heaven!

Nought can come without His knowing.

Come what may 'tis His bestowing.

All's well! All's well!

All's . . . well!

Peace and heaven lie all about us.  
 God's in His heaven!  
 Peace within makes heaven without us.  
 God's in His heaven!  
 God's great love shall fail us never,  
 We are His, and His for ever.  
 All's well! All's well!  
 All's . . . well!

# HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER

OUR feet have wandered, wandered far and wide,—  
*His Mercy endureth for ever!*  
 From that strait path in which the Master died,—  
*His Mercy endureth for ever!*  
 Low have we fallen from our high estate,  
 Long have we lingered, lingered long and late;  
*But the tenderness of God*  
*Is from age to age the same,*  
*And His Mercy endureth for ever!*

There is no sin His Love can not forgive;—  
*His Mercy endureth for ever!*  
 No soul so stained His Love will not receive;  
*His Mercy endureth for ever!*  
 No load of sorrow but His touch can move,  
 No hedge of thorns that can withstand His Love;  
*For the tenderness of God*  
*Is from age to age the same,*  
*And His Mercy endureth for ever!*

So we will sing, whatever may betide ;—

*His Mercy endureth for ever !*

Nought but ourselves can keep us from His side ;—

*His Mercy endureth for ever !*

What though no place we win in life's rough race,

Our loss may prove the measure of His grace ;

*For the tenderness of God*

*Is from age to age the same,*

*And His Mercy endureth for ever !*

### GOD IS GOOD

I FACED a future all unknown,  
 No opening could I see,  
 I heard without the night-wind moan,  
 The ways were dark to me,—  
 "I cannot face it all alone,  
 O be Thou near to me !"

I had done sums, and sums, and sums,  
 Inside my aching head.  
 I'd tried in vain to pierce the glooms  
 That lay so thick ahead.  
 But two and two will not make five,  
 Nor will do when I'm dead.

And then I thought of Him who fed  
 Five thousand hungry men,

With five small casual loaves of bread,—  
 Would He were here again!—  
 Dear God! hast Thou still miracles  
 For the troubled sons of men?

He has, He will, He worketh still,  
 In ways most wonderful.  
 He drew me from the miry clay,  
 He filled my cup quite full.  
 And while my heart can speak I'll tell  
 His love unspeakable.

“Rest in the Lord!”—I saw it there,  
 On the tablets of the night.  
 And, comforted, I dropped my care  
 Where burdens have no weight.  
 Then, trustfully, I turned and slept,  
 And woke, and it was light.

God works to-day as He did of old  
 For the lightening of men's woes.  
 His wonders never can be told,  
 His goodness no man knows,—  
 His Love, His Power, His 'Tenderness,—  
 Nor shall do till life's close.

His kindness is so very great,  
 His greatness is so good.

## BEES IN AMBER

He looks upon my low estate,  
He gives me daily food.  
And nothing is too small for Him,—  
Yes, truly! God is good.

## TREASURE TROVE

LORD CHRIST, let me but hold Thy hand  
And all the rest may go.  
For nothing is, but only seems,  
And life is full of idle dreams,  
Until Thyself we know

The whole wide world is nought beside  
The wonder of Thy love.  
And, though my state be mean and strait,  
Give me but heart to work and wait,  
And I have Treasure-Trove.

## THE PRINCE OF LIFE

O, PRINCE of Life, Thy Life hath tuned  
All life to sweeter, loftier grace!  
Life's common rounds have wider bounds,  
Since Thou hast trod life's common ways.

O, Heart of Love! Thy Tenderness  
Still runs through life's remotest vein;  
And lust and greed and soulless creed  
Shall never rule the world again.

O Life of Love !—The Good Intent  
Of God to man made evident,—  
All down the years, despite men's fears,  
Thy Power is still Omnipotent.

O Life ! O Love ! O Living Word !—  
Rent Vail, revealing God to man,—  
Help, Lord ! Lest I should crucify,  
By thought or deed, Thy Love again.

### JUDGMENT DAY

EVERY day is Judgment Day,  
Count on no to-morrow.  
He who will not, when he may,  
Act to-day, to-day, to-day,  
Doth but borrow  
Sorrow.

### DARKNESS AND LIGHT

THERE is darkness still, gross darkness, Lord,  
On this fair earth of Thine.  
There are prisoners still in the prison-house,  
Where never a light doth shine.

There are doors still bolted against Thee,  
There are faces set like a wall ;  
And over them all the Shadow of Death  
Hangs like a pall.

*Do you hear the voices calling,  
Out there in the black of the night ?  
Do you hear the sobs of the women,  
Who are barred from the blessed light ?  
And the children,—the little children,—  
Do you hear their pitiful cry ?  
O brothers, we must seek them,  
Or there in the dark they die !*

Spread the Light ! Spread the Light !  
Till earth's remotest bounds have heard  
The glory of the Living Word ;  
Till those that see not have their sight ;  
Till all the fringes of the night  
Are lifted, and the long-closed doors  
Are wide for ever to the Light.  
Spread—the—Light !

*O then shall dawn the golden days,  
To which true hearts are pressing ;  
When earth's discordant strains shall blend—  
The one true God confessing ;  
When Christly thought and Christly deed  
Shall bind each heart and nation,  
In one Grand Brotherhood of Men,  
And one high consecration.*

## INDIA

A LAND of lights and shadows interwolved,  
A land of blazing sun and blackest night,  
A fortress armed, and guarded jealously,  
With every portal barred against the Light.

A land in thrall to ancient mystic faiths,  
A land of iron creeds and gruesome deeds,  
A land of superstitions vast and grim,  
And all the noisome growths that Darkness breeds.

Like sunny waves upon an iron-bound coast,  
The Light beats up against the close-barred doors,  
And seeks vain entrance, yet beats on and on,  
In hopeful faith which all defeat ignores.

But—time shall come, when, like a swelling tide,  
The Word shall leap the barriers, and The Light  
Shall sweep the land ; and Faith and Love and

Hope

Shall win for Christ this stronghold of the night.

## LIVINGSTONE

To lift the sombre fringes of the Night,  
To open lands long darkened to the Light,  
To heal grim wounds, to give the blind new sight,  
Right mightily wrought he.

Forth to the fight he fared,  
High things and great he dared,



He thought of all men but himself,  
Himself he never spared.  
He greatly loved—  
He greatly lived—  
And died right mightily.

Like Him he served, he walked life's troublous ways  
With heart undaunted, and with calm, high face,  
And gemmed each day with deeds of sweetest  
grace ;

Full lovingly wrought he.

Forth to the fight he fared,  
High things and great he dared,  
In his Master's might, to spread the Light,  
Right lovingly wrought he.  
He greatly loved—  
He greatly lived—  
And died right mightily.

Like Him he served, he would not turn aside ;  
Nor home nor friends could his true heart divide ;  
He served his Master, and nought else beside,

Right faithfully wrought he.

Forth to the fight he fared,  
High things and great he dared,  
In his Master's might, to spread the Light,  
Right faithfully wrought he.  
He greatly loved—  
He greatly lived—  
And died right mightily.

He passed like light across the darkened land,  
And dying, left behind him this command,  
"The door is open! So let it ever stand!"

Full mightily wrought he.

Forth to the fight he fared,  
High things and great he dared,  
In his Master's might, to spread the Light,  
Right mightily wrought he.  
He greatly loved—  
He greatly lived—  
And died right mightily.

## LIVINGSTONE THE BUILDER

*With a will!*  
*With a will!*  
*With a will and surely!*  
*Without fail,*  
*Drive each nail,*  
*Build me so, securely!*

The Pioneer,—the Undaunted One,  
Worn with long journeyings through the Great  
Dark Land,  
Rests for a season from his mighty labours,  
And seeks fresh vigour in a change of toil.

*Labour is sweet,  
 When hands and hearts are willing,—  
 Who truly works  
 Is God's own law fulfilling.*

With his own hands he helps to build a temple,  
 Here, in the wilds, a temple to his God,  
 Rough-hewn and roughly thatched, but still a  
     house  
 Of prayer, a holy place, and consecrate  
 To Him whose noblest temples are not built  
 With hands, but in the opened hearts of men.

*The Master worked,  
 With His own hands expressing  
 His sure belief  
 That therein lay God's blessing.*

Thus, as he toils, with axe, and nail, and hammer,  
 His heart rejoices,—so the Master worked,  
 And by His lowly toil for ever stamped  
 True labour with its highest dignity.

*With a will !  
 With a will !  
 With a will and surely !  
 Without fail,  
 Drive each nail,  
 Build we so, securely !*

LIVINGSTONE'S SOLILOQUY

" My heart to-day  
 Is strangely full of home !  
 How is it  
 With the dear ones over there ?  
     Five years !  
     Five long-drawn years !  
     And one short moment is enough  
         To alter life's complexion for eternity !  
 Home ! Home ! Home !  
 . . . . .  
 How is it with you all  
 At home ?  
 . . . . .  
 And you, my dearest one,  
 Are ever nearer to me than the rest !  
     Your body lies  
     Beneath the baobab  
     In far Shapanga ;  
 But your soul is ever nearest  
     When I need you most.  
 Where a man's treasure is  
     His heart is.  
 And half my heart is buried there with you,  
 And half works on for Africa.  
 Home ! Home ! Home !  
 . . . . .  
 Why should such thought of home  
     Drag at my heart to-day ?

## BEEES IN AMBER ·

Why should I longer roam?  
 Why should I not go home?  
 Five years of toilsome wanderings  
 May claim a rest!

Nay! God knows best!  
 When He sees well  
 He'll take me home and give me well-earned  
 rest.  
 The work is not yet done.  
 This land of Night  
 Is not yet fully opened to the Son  
 And His fair Light.  
 But—when the work is done—  
 Ah—then!—how gladly will I go—  
 Home!—Home!—Home!—  
 To rest!"

## FAITH

LORD, give me faith!—to live from day to day,  
 With tranquil heart to do my simple part,  
 And, with my hand in Thine, just go Thy way.  
 Lord, give me faith!—to trust, if not to know;  
 With quiet mind in all things Thee to find,  
 And, child-like, go where Thou wouldst have me go.  
 Lord, give me faith!—to leave it all to Thee,  
 The future is Thy gift, I would not lift  
 The vail Thy Love has hung 'twixt it and me.

KAPIOLANI

WHERE the great green combers break in thunder  
on the barrier reefs,—

Where, unceasing, sounds the mighty diapason of  
the deep,—

Ringed in bursts of wild wave-laughter, ringed in  
leagues of flying foam,—

Long lagoons of softest azure, curving beaches white  
as snow,

Lap in sweetness and in beauty all the isles of  
Owhyhee.

Land more lovely sun ne'er shone on than these  
isles of Owhyhee,

Spendthrift Nature's wild profusion fashioned them  
like fairy bowers ;

Yet behind—below the sweetness,—underneath the  
passion-flowers,

Lurked grim deeds, and things of horror, grisly  
Deaths, and ceaseless Fears,

Fears and Deaths that walked in Darkness, grisly  
Deaths and ceaseless Fears.

On the slope of Mauna Loa, in the pit of Kilauea,  
In the lake of molten lava, in the sea of living fire,  
In the place of Ceaseless Burnings, in her home of  
Wrath and Terror,

*Note.*—Kapiolani—pronounced Kah-pee-o-lah-ny, with slight  
accent on second syllable.

Mauna Loa—Mona Lo-ah.

Kilauea—Kil-o-ee-ah.

Halé-Mau-Mau—Ha-lee-Mah-oo-Mah-oo.

Dwelt the dreadful goddess Pélé—Pélé of the Lake  
of Fire ;

Pélé of the place of torment, Pélé of the Lake of  
Fire.

In the dim far-off beginnings, Pélé flung the islands  
up

From the bottom of the ocean, from the darksome  
underworld ;

Built them for a house to dwell in, built them for  
herself alone,

So she claimed them and their people, claimed them  
as her very own,

And they feared her, and they worshipped—Pélé,  
the Remorseless One.

But, at times, when she lay sleeping, underneath the  
lake of fire,

They forgot to do her reverence, they forgot the  
fiery one ;

Then in wrath the goddess thundered from the Lake  
of Ceaseless Burnings,

Flamed and thundered in her anger, till the very  
skies were red,

Poured black ruin on the island, shook it to its rocky  
bed.

Then in fear the people trembled and bethought  
them of their sins,

And the great high-priest of Pélé came like Death  
down Mauna Loa,

Came to soothe the awful goddess, came to choose  
 the sacrifice,  
 Chose the fairest youth or maiden, pointed with a  
 deadly finger,  
 Led them weeping up the mountain, victims to the  
 Lake of Fire.

On the snowy beach of coral, youths and maidens  
 full of laughter,  
 Flower-bedecked and full of laughter, sported gaily  
 in the sun ;  
 Up above, the slender palm-trees swung and shivered  
 in the trade-wind,  
 All around them flowers and spices,—red hibiscus,  
 sweet pandanus,  
 And behind, the labouring mountain groaned and  
 growled unceasingly.

*“ Sea and sunshine,  
 Care is moonshine,  
 All our hearts are light with laughter.  
 We are free  
 As sun and sea,  
 What care we for what comes after ? ”*

*Bride*

*Life was sweet before Love found her,  
 In his faery bowers.*



*Life is sweeter,  
And completer,  
Since he found her  
There, and crowned her  
With his fadeless flowers."*

*Bridegroom*

*" Love sought long before he found her,  
Ne'er was love like ours !  
Long he sought her  
Ere he caught her.  
But he found her  
There, and bound her  
With his fadeless flowers."*

*" Gaily sporting,  
Pleasure courting,  
Nought know we of care or sorrow.  
We are free  
As sun and sea,  
What care we what comes to-morrow ? "*

Louder still and louder, Pélé roars within her lake  
of fire,  
And the youths and maidens trembling look in fear  
up Mauna Loa,  
Dreading sight of that grim figure stalking down the  
mountain side ;

For when Pélé claims her victims none the summons  
may avoid.

Pélé calls for whom she chooses ;—whom she chooses  
goes,—and dies.

See ! He comes ! They start in terror. There, along  
the mountain side,

Death comes stalking, slowly, surely,—*Pélé must be  
satisfied.*

Which among them will he summon, with his dread-  
ful pointing finger ?

All their hearts become as water, all their faces  
blanch with fear,

Deaths they suffer in the waiting, while dread Death  
draws near.

Now he stands in dreadful menace, seeking with a  
baleful eye

For the sweetest and the fairest—for the meetest  
sacrifice.

“Choose, O choose !”—they cry in terror ; “choose  
your victim and be gone,

For we each die deaths while waiting, till dread  
Pélé’s choice be known !

Choose your victim, Priest of Pélé, choose your  
victim and be gone !”

Slowly points the dreadful finger, marks the newly-  
wedded bride ;

All the rest, save one, fall from her, as the living  
from the dead.

From the first of time's beginnings Pélé ne'er has  
    been gainsayed ;  
Pélé chooses whom she chooses, each and all the  
    choice abide,  
For the common good and safety,—*Pélé must be  
    satisfied !*

Still the mountain reels and shudders, still the  
    awful thunders peal,  
Like a snake the ruthless finger holds them all in  
    terror still ;  
One is there whose life is broken, parted from his  
    chosen bride,  
But the threatening finger, heedless of the lives it  
    may divide,  
Lights upon a tiny maiden,—*Pélé must be satisfied !*

Slow, the grim high-priest of Pélé turns to climb the  
    mountain side ;  
Slow, the victims turn and follow,—*Pélé must be  
    satisfied.*  
All the rest shrink, dumb and helpless, daring not to  
    lift an eye,  
While above, the labouring mountain cracks and  
    belches living fires,  
Till the island reels and shudders at dread Pélé's  
    agonies.

But a greater one than Pélé walked the mountain  
    side that day ;—

To them, climbing, dumb and dim-eyed—like a  
flash of heavenly flame,  
Swift and bright as saving angel, fair Kapiolani  
came,  
Swiftly as a saving angel, gleaming like a heavenly  
flame,  
Thirsting like a sword for battle fair Kapiolani  
came.

Radiant with the faith of martyrs, all aglow with  
new-born zeal,  
Burning to release the people from the bondage and  
the thrall,  
From the deadly thrall of Pélé, from the ever-  
threatening doom,  
From the everlasting menace, from the awful lake  
of fire,  
Like a bright avenging angel fair Kapiolani came !

“ Hear me now, you priest of Pélé, and ye men of  
Owhyhee !  
Hearken ! ye who cringe and tremble, at the sound  
of Kilauea,  
Fearful of the wrath of Pélé, fearful of the lake of  
fire !—  
Priest, I say there is no Pélé ! Pélé is not—never  
was !  
Pélé lives but in your legends—there is only one  
true God ! ”

“Cursèd, thrice accursèd, you who thus great Pélé  
do defy,  
Here, upon her sacred mountain, of a surety you  
shall die!  
Pélé, mighty Pélé, Vengeance! Strike her with thy  
dreadful doom!  
So let every scoffer perish — Pélé! Pélé! Pélé!  
come!”  
And Kapiolani answered—“Pélé! Pélé! Pélé!  
come!”

Loud the mountain roared and thundered; shuddered  
all who heard and saw,  
Dauntless stood Kapiolani, dauntless with her  
faithful few.  
“Come!” she cried again. “Come, Pélé! Smite  
me with thy dreadful doom!  
I am waiting, mighty Pélé! Pélé! Pélé! Pélé!  
come!”  
And the mountain roared and thundered;—but the  
goddess did not come.

“Hearken, Priest! You have deceived us. All your  
life has been a lie.  
Black your heart is, red your hands are, with the  
blood of those who die.  
All these years you have misled us with your awful  
threats of doom.  
Now it ends! I do defy you, and your goddess I defy.  
Pélé is not, never has been. All your worship is a lie.

"I will climb your sacred mountain. I will dare  
your lake of fire.

I will eat your sacred berries. I will dare your  
goddess there,

There and then to wreak her vengeance, then and  
there to come in fire,

And with awful burnings end me, now and for  
eternity;

But if Pélé does not end me, then her worship ends  
this day."

Then the great high-priest of Pélé turned to fiery  
Kilauea.

"Come!" he said, "the goddess calls you!"—and  
they climbed the mountain side,

Up the slopes of Mauna Loa, to the hell of  
Kilauea,

With the bright blue sky above them, with the  
blazing sun above them,

While the mountain shook beneath them, and its  
head was wrapped in fire.

Fearful, hopeful, all the people crept along the  
shaking path,

Hardly breathing at their daring, thus to brave  
dread Pélé's wrath,

Bending low lest she should see them, breathing soft  
lest she should hear,

Certain that Kapiolani would be sacrificed that day  
To the vengeance of the goddess, to the anger of  
Pélé.

*“ As little child  
On mother’s breast,  
O rest, my heart,  
Have rest !  
Who rests on Him  
Is surely blest.  
So rest, my heart,  
Have rest !*

*As warrior bold  
His foes among,  
Be strong, my heart,  
Be strong !  
Who rests on Him  
Shall ne’er go wrong.  
Be strong, my heart,  
Be strong ! ”*

Thus, Kapiolani, dauntless, singing softly as she  
went,  
With a face as calm and fearless as a child on  
pleasure bent,  
Climbed the side of Mauna Loa, to the dreadful  
lake of fire,  
While the mountain shook and thundered, while  
the people blanched and shuddered,  
Climbed to Halé-Mau-Mau,—to the dreadful lake  
of fire.

All the people waited trembling, stood afar off, pale  
and trembling,

While Kapiolani, fearless, climbed up to the lake of  
 fire,  
 With the fiery glow all round her, with a heavenly  
 light about her.  
 Shining with a radiance brighter than since time  
 began had shone  
 From the Lake of Ceaseless Burnings, from the  
 dreadful lake of fire.

“ Here,” she cried, “ I pluck your berries, Pélé,—  
 and I give you none !  
 See ! I eat your sacred berries, Pélé,—and I give  
 you none !  
 Pélé, here I break your tabus ! Come, with all your  
 dreadful fires !  
 Burn me, Pélé ! I defy you !—Pélé ! Pélé ! Pélé !  
 come !  
 Come now, Pélé, or for ever own that you are overcome !

“ Pélé comes not. Is she sleeping ? Is she wander-  
 ing to-day ?  
 Is she busy with her burnings ? Has the goddess  
 nought to say ?  
 Hear me, friends !—There is no Pélé ! One true  
 God alone there is.  
 His, this mountain ! His, these burnings ! You,  
 and I, and all things,—His !  
 Goodness, Mercy, Loving-Kindness, Life Eternal—  
 all are His !



“From this day, let no man tremble, when he feels  
the mountain shake !  
From this day, no man or maiden shall be killed for  
Pélé’s sake !  
From this day, we break the thralldom of the dread-  
ful lake of fire.  
From this day, we pass for ever from the scourge of  
Pélé’s rod.—  
From this day, Thou, Lord Jehovah, be our one and  
only God !”

## THEY COME !

FROM North and South, and East and West,  
They come !  
The sorely tried, the much oppressed,  
Their Faith and Love to manifest,  
They come !  
They come to tell of work well done,  
They come to tell of kingdoms won,  
To worship at the Great White Throne,  
They come !  
In a noble consecration,  
With a sound of jubilation,  
They come ! They come !  
Through tribulations and distress,  
They come !  
Through perils great and bitterness,  
Through persecutions pitiless,  
They come !

They come by paths the martyrs trod,  
 They come from underneath the rod,  
 Climbing through darkness up to God,  
     They come !  
 Out of mighty tribulation,  
 With a sound of jubilation,  
     They come !   They come !

From every land beneath the sun,  
     They come !  
 To tell of mighty victories won ;  
 Unto the Father through the Son,  
     They come !  
 They come—the victors in the fight,  
 They come—the blind restored to sight,  
 From deepest Darkness into Light ;  
     They come !  
 In a holy exaltation,  
 With a sound of jubilation,  
     They come !—They come !

“ I WILL ! ”

SAY once again Thy sweet “ I will ! ”  
     In answer to my prayers.  
 “ Lord, if Thou wilt ? ” —  
         —“ I will !  
 Rise up above thy cares ! ”

## PROCESSIONALS

## NORTH

WE come from the gloom of the shadowy trail,  
Out away on the fringe of the Night,  
Where no man could tell, when the darkness fell,  
If his eyes would behold the light.  
To—the—Night,—  
To—the—Night,—  
To the darkness and the sorrow of the Night,  
Came—the—Light,  
Came—the—Light,  
Came the Wonder and the Glory of the Light.  
There are wanderers still, without ever a guide,  
Out there on the fringe of the Night,  
They are bond and blind,—to their darkness resigned,  
With never a wish for the Light.  
To—their—Night,—  
To—their—Night,—  
To the darkness and the sorrow of their Night,  
Take—the—Light!  
Take—the—Light!  
Take the Wonder and the Glory of the Light!

## SOUTH

WE come from the land of the blazing sun,  
From the land that was blacker than night,—  
From the white-hot sand of the Great Dark Land,  
Where Might was the only Right.  
To—the—Night,—  
To—the—Night,—

To the darkness and the sorrow of the Night,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came the Wonder and the Glory of the Light.

There are sorrows still, there is darkness still,  
 There are still gross wrongs to set right ;  
 There are grim black stains, there are peoples in chains,  
 To be loosed from the grip of the Night.  
 To—their—Night,—  
 To—their—Night,—  
 To the darkness and the sorrow of their Night,  
 Take—the—Light !  
 Take—the—Light !  
 Take the Wonder and the Glory of the Light !

EAST

We come from the East, from the glowing East,  
 Where the Past, with its hand of ice,  
 Still reaches across through its ages of loss,  
 And still holds the land like a vice.  
 To—the—Night,—  
 To—the—Night,—  
 To the darkness and the sorrow of the Night,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came the Wonder and the Glory of the Light.  
 O, the sorrowful ones of the caste-bound lands,  
 How they long for the wider way !  
 How they sigh in the gloom of their close-barred tomb  
 For the Light of the Coming Day !

To—their—Night,—  
 To—their—Night,—  
 To the darkness and the sorrow of their Night,  
 Take—the—Light,  
 Take—the—Light!  
 Take the Wonder and the Glory of the Light!

## WEST

We come from the Isles, from the Western Isles,  
 From the isles of the sunny seas,—  
 Where the smiles and the wiles, with which Nature  
 beguiles,  
 Are but shrouds for her tragedies.  
 To—the—Night,—  
 To—the—Night,—  
 To the darkness and the sorrow of the Night,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came—the—Light,  
 Came the Wonder and the Glory of the Light.

There is Darkness more deadly than Death itself,  
 There is Blindness beyond that of sight;  
 There are souls fast bound in the depths profound  
 Of unconscious and heedless Night.  
 To—their—Night,—  
 To—their—Night,—  
 To the darkness and the sorrow of their Night,  
 Take—the—Light!  
 Take—the—Light!  
 Take the Wonder and the Glory of the Light!



WITH QUICKENED HEARTS THAT FIND THEE EVERYWHERE,  
WE THANK THEE, LORD! ("A LITTLE TE DEUM")



A LITTLE TE DEUM OF THE  
COMMONPLACE

A FRAGMENT

*With hearts responsive  
And enfranchised eyes,  
We thank Thee, Lord,—*

For all things beautiful, and good, and true ;  
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good ;  
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will  
That chased, and tried, and wrought us to Thy  
shape ;

For things unnumbered that we take of right,  
And value first when first they are withheld ;  
For light and air ; sweet sense of sound and smell ;  
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies ;  
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen ;  
For vision of The Worker in the work ;  
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For all the wonders of this wondrous world ;—  
The pure pearl splendours of the coming day,  
The breaking east,—the rosy flush,—the Dawn,—  
For that bright gem in morning's coronal,  
That one lone star that gleams above the glow ;  
For that high glory of the impartial sun,—  
The golden noonings big with promised life ;  
The matchless pageant of the evening skies,  
The wide-flung gates,—the gleams of Paradise,—  
Supremest visions of 'Thine artistry ;



The sweet, soft gloaming, and the friendly stars ;  
The vesper stillness, and the creeping shades ;  
The moon's pale majesty ; the pulsing dome,  
Wherein we feel Thy great heart throbbing near ;  
For sweet laborious days and restful nights ;  
For work to do, and strength to do the work ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands  
That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring  
Life out of death, the endless mystery ;—  
For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring ;  
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue ;  
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed ;  
For all Thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—  
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,  
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness ;  
The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze ;  
The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,  
Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours ;  
For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wildrose ;  
For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with stars ;  
For every tint of every tiniest flower ;  
For every daisy smiling to the sun ;  
For every bird that builds in joyous hope ;  
For every lamb that frisks beside its dam ;  
For every leaf that rustles in the wind ;  
For spiring poplar, and for spreading oak ;  
For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm ;  
For the great cedar's benedictory grace ;

For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—  
 Sweet altar-gifts from leaf and fruit and flower ;  
 For every wondrous thing that greens and grows ;  
 For wide-spread cornlands,—billowing golden seas ;  
 For rippling stream, and white-laced waterfall ;  
 For purpling mountains ; lakes like silver shields ;  
 For white-piled clouds that float against the blue ;  
 For tender green of far-off upland slopes ;  
 For fringing forests and far-gleaming spires ;  
 For those white peaks, serene and grand and still ;  
 For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love ;  
 For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts ;  
 For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain ;  
 For gleam and gloom ; for all life's counter-change ;  
 For hope that quickens under darkening skies ;  
 For all we see ; for all that underlies,—

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For that sweet impulse of the coming Spring ;  
 For ripening Summer, and the harvesting ;  
 For all the rich Autumnal glories spread,—  
 The flaming pageant of the ripening woods ;  
 The fiery gorse, the heather-purpled hills ;  
 The rustling leaves that fly before the wind,  
 And lie below the hedgerows whispering ;  
 For meadows silver-white with hoary dew ;  
 For sheer delight of tasting once again  
 That first crisp breath of winter in the air ;  
 The pictured pane ; the new white world without ;  
 The sparkling hedgerow's witchery of lace ;

The soft white flakes that fold the sleeping earth  
 The cold without, the cheerier warmth within ;  
 For red-heart roses in the winter snows ;  
 For all the flower and fruit of Christmas-tide ;  
 For all the glowing heart of Christmas-tide ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For all Thy ministries,—  
 For morning mist, and gently-falling dew ;  
 For summer rains, for winter ice and snow ;  
 For whispering wind and purifying storm ;  
 For the reft clouds that show the tender blue ;  
 For the forked flash and long tumultuous roll ;  
 For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean ;  
 For the sweet promise of the seven-fold bow ;  
 For the soft sunshine, and the still calm night ;  
 For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas ;  
 For latticed splendour of the sea-borne moon ;  
 For gleaming sands, and granite-frontled cliffs ;  
 For flying spume, and waves that whip the skies ;  
 For rushing gale, and for the great glad calm ;  
 For Might so mighty, and for Love so true,  
 With equal mind,

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For maiden sweetness, and for strength of men ;  
 For love's pure madness and its high estate ;  
 For parentage—man's nearest reach to Thee ;  
 For kinship, sonship, friendship, brotherhood  
 Of men—one Father—one great family ;  
 For glimpses of the greater in the less ;

For touch of Thee in wife and child and friend ;  
 For noble self-denying motherhood ;  
 For saintly maiden lives of rare perfume ;  
 For little pattering feet and crooning songs ;  
 For children's laughter, and sweet wells of truth ;  
 For sweet child-faces and the sweet wise tongues ;  
 For childhood's faith that lifts us near to Thee  
 And bows us with our own disparity ;  
 For childhood's sweet unconscious beauty sleep ;  
 For all that childhood teaches us of Thee ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For doubts that led us to the larger trust ;  
 For ills to conquer ; for the love that fights ;  
 For that strong faith that vanquished axe and flame  
 And gave us Freedom for our heritage ;  
 For clouds and darkness, and the still, small voice ;  
 For sorrows bearing fruit of nobler life ;  
 For those sore strokes that broke us at Thy feet ;  
 For peace in strife ; for gain in seeming loss ;  
 For every loss that wrought the greater gain ;  
 For that sweet juice from bitterness outpressed ;  
 For all this sweet, strange paradox of life ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For friends above ; for friends still left below ;  
 For the rare links invisible between ;  
 For Thine unsearchable greatness ; for the veils  
 Between us and the things we may not know ;  
 For those high times when hearts take wing and rise,  
 And float secure above earth's mysteries ;

For that wide, open avenue of prayer,  
All radiant with Thy glorious promises ;  
For sweet hearts tuned to noblest charity ;  
For great hearts toiling in the outer dark ;  
For friendly hands stretched out in time of need ;  
For every gracious thought and word and deed ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For songbird answering song on topmost bough ;  
For myriad twitterings of the simpler folk ;  
For that sweet lark that carols up the sky ;  
For that low fluting on the summer night ;  
For distant bells that tremble on the wind ;  
For great round organ tones that rise and fall,  
Entwined with earthly voices tuned to heaven,  
And bear our hearts above the high-arched roof ;  
For Thy great voice that dominates the whole,  
And shakes the heavens, and silences the earth ;  
For hearts alive to earth's sweet minstrelsies ;  
For souls attuned to heavenly harmonies ;  
For apprehension, and for ears to hear,—

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For that supremest token of Thy Love,—  
Thyself made manifest in human flesh ;  
For that pure life beneath the Syrian sky—  
The humble toil, the sweat, the bench, the saw,  
The nails well-driven, and the work well-done ;  
For all its vast expansions ; for the stress  
Of those three mighty years ;  
For all He bore of our humanity ;

His hunger, thirst, His homelessness and want,  
 His weariness that longed for well-earned rest ;  
 For labour's high ennoblement through Him,  
 Who laboured with His hands for daily bread ;  
 For Lazarus, Mary, Martha, Magdalene ;  
 For Nazareth and Bethany ;—not least  
 For that dark hour in lone Gethsemane ;  
 For that high cross upraised on Calvary ;  
 The broken seals,—the rolled-back stone—The Way  
 For ever opened through His life in death ;  
 For that brief glimpse vouchsafed within the veil  
 For all His gracious life ; and for His Death,  
 With low-bowed heads and hearts impassionate,

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For all life's beauties, and their beauteous growth ;  
 For Nature's laws and Thy rich providence ;  
 For all Thy perfect processes of life ;  
 For the minute perfection of Thy work,  
 Seen and unseen, in each remotest part ;  
 For faith, and works, and gentle charity ;  
 For all that makes for quiet in the world ;  
 For all that lifts man from his common rut ;  
 For all that knits the silken bond of peace ;  
 For all that lifts the fringes of the night,  
 And lights the darkened corners of the earth ;  
 For every broken gate and sundered bar ;  
 For every wide-flung window of the soul ;  
 For that Thou bearest all that Thou hast made ;

*We thank Thee, Lord !*

For perfect childlike confidence in Thee ;  
 For childlike glimpses of the life to be ;  
 For trust akin to my child's trust in me ;  
 For hearts at rest through confidence in Thee ;  
 For hearts triumphant in perpetual hope ;  
 For hope victorious through past hopes fulfilled ;  
 For mightier hopes born of the things we know ;  
 For faith born of the things we may not know ;  
 For hope of powers increased ten-thousand-fold ;  
 For that last hope of likeness to Thyself,  
 When hope shall end in glorious certainty ;  
     — *With quickened hearts*  
         *That find Thee everywhere,*  
         *We thank Thee, Lord !*

### YOUR PLACE

Is your place a small place ?  
     Tend it with care !—  
         He set you there.

Is your place a large place ?  
     Guard it with care !—  
         He set you there.

Whate'er your place, it is  
     Not yours alone, but His  
         Who set you there.

POLICEMAN X

IF HE WOULD BUT DARE

I stood, unseen, within a sumptuous room,  
Where One clothed all in white sat silently.  
So sweet His presence that a pure soft light  
Rayed from Him, and I saw—most wondrous sight!—  
The Love of God shrined in the flesh once more,  
And glowing softly like a misted sun.  
His back was towards me. Had I seen His face  
Methought I must have fallen. I was wrong.  
The door flung wide. With hasty step  
Came one in royal robes and all the pride  
And pomp of majesty, and on his head  
A helmet with an eagle poised for flight.  
He stood amazed at sight of Him in white,  
His lips apart in haughty questioning.  
But no words came. Breathless, he raised his hand  
And gave salute as to a mightier lord,  
And doffed his helm, and stood. And in his eyes I saw  
The reflex glory of his Master's face.

*Note.*—This was written in 1898, at the time of the Tzar's Rescript to the Powers suggesting a Peace Conference with a view to the lightening of the evergrowing burden of arms.

The possibilities have changed their faces, but at heart the great problem remains much the same. And above all, the great fact remains that if Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and the United States joined hands for a World Peace, they could ensure it. Germany is still mistrustful. On her lies a great responsibility.



The Master spoke. His voice so soft and sweet  
Thrilled my heart's core and shook me where I  
stood,—

*"Time runs apace. The New Time is at hand.  
Shall it be Peace or War? It rests with THEE."*

In dumb amaze the other shook his head.

*"Thy brother of the North has cast his lot  
For peace. Alone he cannot compass it.  
Shall it be Peace or War? It rests with THEE."*

Again the other shook his head amazed,  
But never swerved a hair's breadth in his gaze.

*"Shall it be Peace or War? Join hands with him,  
Thy Northern brother, with the Western Isles,  
And with their brethren of the Further West,  
And Peace shall reign to Earth's remotest bound."*

And still the other shook his head amazed.

*"Shall it be Peace or War? Millions of lives  
Are in thy hand, women and men and those  
My little ones. Their souls are mine. Their lives  
Are in thy hand. Of thee I shall require them.  
Shall it be Peace or War?"*

. . . . .  
"I am but one,"

The other answered with reluctant tongue.

*"Thou art THE one and so I come to thee.  
For Peace or War the scales are in thy hand.  
As thou decidest now, so shall it be.  
But,—as thou sayest now, so be it  
With thee—then.*

*Shall it be Peace or War? Nay—look !—"*



SHALL IT BE PEACE—OR WAR?  
IT RESTS WITH THEE. ("POLICEMAN X.")



And at the word—where stood the wall—a space  
 And at their feet, like mighty map unrolled,—  
 The kingdoms of the earth, and every kingdom  
 Groaned with the burden of its armour-plate.  
 And the weight grew till man was crushed beneath,  
 And lost his manhood and became a cog  
 To roll along the great machine of war.  
 And, as he watched, the War-Lord's eyes flamed fire,  
 His nostrils panted like a mettled steed's.  
 This was the game of games he knew and loved,  
 And every fibre of his soul was knit  
 To see what passed.

Then,—in a sun-white land,  
 Where a great sea poured out through narrow gates  
 To meet a greater,—came the clang of arms,  
 And drew the nations like a tocsin peal,  
 Till all the sun-white sands ran red, and earth  
 Sweat blood, and writhed in fiery ashes, and  
 Grew sick with all the reek and stench of war,  
 And heaven drew back behind the battle-clouds.  
 And ever, through the clamour of the strife,  
 I heard the ceaseless wailing of a child,  
 And the sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, endless  
 Sobbing of a reft and broken woman;—  
 And the hoarse whisper of the War-Lord's voice,—

“ Britain fights once again for Barbary,  
 Lest others occupy to her undoing.  
 And Italy and Greece and Turkey join,  
 To beat back France and Spain.”

Again I saw,—

Where legions marched and wound 'mid snowy  
peaks,

And came upon a smiling vine-clad land,  
And filled it with the reek and stench of war.

The hoarse voice spoke,—

“The provinces she stole  
And lost, Austria takes back.”

Again I saw,—

Where white-capped hosts crept swiftly to the  
straits

'Twixt old and new, and drenched the land with  
blood,

And filled it with the reek and stench of war.

The War-Lord spoke,—

“Despite his love of peace,  
Our brother of the North has  
seized his chance,  
And got his heart's desire.”

Again I saw,—

Where legions poured through the eternal snows,  
And legions swept o'er every sea to meet  
Their long-expected onslaught, and the dead  
Were piled in mountains, and the snows ran red.

The War-Lord spoke,—

“Up, Britain, up! Strike home!  
Or drop your rod of Empire in the dust—  
One of you dies this day.”

Again I saw,—

Beneath us, legions swarming to the West,

Devouring kingdoms till they reached the sea,  
 And filling all the lands with blood and fire.  
 The War-Lord gazed, with eyes that blazed and  
 flamed,  
 And panted like a soul in torment,—“ Mine !

All these are mine ! ”

*“ Thine, sayest thou ?—Thine now,  
 When thou shalt stand before Me—then,  
 I shall require them of thee.”*

—Thus the voice

Of Him who sat and gazed with sorrowing face,  
 While all the earth beneath us reeked of war,  
 And heaven grew dim behind the battle-clouds.  
 And ever, through the clamour of the strife,  
 I heard the ceaseless wailing of a child,  
 And the sobbing, sobbing, sobbing, endless  
 Sobbing of a reft and broken woman.

*“ Shall it be Peace or War ? ”*

A two-edged sword

Could cut no sharper than the gentle voice  
 Of Him who bowed with sorrow at the sight  
 Of man destroying man for sake of gain.  
 I waited, breathless, for the warrior’s word.  
 But no word came. His heart was with his men.

*“ Shall it be Peace or War ? Look yet again ! ”*

And at their feet, like mighty map unrolled,  
 Lay all the kingdoms of the earth—at peace.  
 The glad earth smiled beneath a smiling heaven,  
 And brought forth fruit for all her children’s needs.  
 The desert lands had blossomed, and the earth

Was large enough for all. Her voice came up,  
A softly-rounded murmur of content,  
Like bees that labour gladly on the comb.  
The reign of Peace,—and yet an army lay  
Couchant and watchful, ready for the strife,  
If strife need be,—the strife of quelling strife,—  
An army culled in part from all the lands,  
Owning no master but the public weal,  
And prompt to quench the first red spark of war.  
Even as we watched, a frontier turmoil rose,  
And therewith rose the army, and the fire  
Died out while scarce begun. The smoke of it  
Was scarcely seen, the noise scarce heard ; for all  
The lands, sore-spent with war, had welcomed  
Peace,

And bowed to mightier forces than their own ;  
Men cast aside their armour and their arms,  
And lived men's lives and were no more machines.

*“ Wars shall there be, indeed, till that last war  
That shall wage war on War and sweep the earth  
Of all war-wagers and of all mankind.”*

So spake the voice and ceased. And still we  
gazed,—

A great white building, on its topmost tower  
A great white flag proclaimed a World's Tribunal  
For the righting of the nations' wrongs.  
And that great army answered its behests  
And owned allegiance to no other head.  
Peace reigned triumphant. On the quiet air  
I heard the merry laughter of the child,

And the great sigh of gratitude that rose  
From all the mother-hearts of all the world.

*"Shall it be Peace or War?"—*

Once more the voice,—

*"To one man is it given to decide.—*

THOU ART THE MAN! *The scales are in THY hand.*

*Think well, and say,—Shall it be Peace or War?*

*As thou shalt say, so shall it be with thee."*

But, ere the answer came, all vanished like

A scrap of paper in a fire of coals.

Then, with a crackling peal, the thick black vail

That hangs before the face of men was rent,

And in the instant lightning flash I saw,—

A chamber hung with black and heaped with  
flowers,

Where candles tall flashed white on watchers'  
swords.

High on a high-raised bier lay one at rest—

Crosses and orders on his quiet breast,

Head proudly cushioned on his country's flag,

Hands calmly folded on his helmet's crest,

His back to earth, his mute face turned to heaven,—

Answering the summons of his Over-Lord.

I strained my eyes upon his face to learn

Thereon his answer. But the dark vail dropped,

And left me wondering what his word had been.

Had I but read his face I should have known

Who lay there—Man, like other men? Or one

Who grasped the greater things, and by his will



Brought Peace on Earth and drew Earth nearer  
Heaven.

The bells beat softly on the midnight air  
Proclaiming the New Time. Shall it be Peace ?  
A voice within me cried and would not cease,  
*"One man could do it if he would but dare."*

### IN NARROW WAYS

SOME lives are set in narrow ways,  
By Love's wise tenderness.  
They seem to suffer all their days  
Life's direst storm and stress.  
But God shall raise them up at length,  
His purposes are sure,  
He for their weakness shall give strength,  
For every ill a cure.

### SHUT WINDOWS

*(For the Braille Magazine)*

WHEN the outer eye grows dim,  
Turns the inner eye to Him,  
Who makes darkness light.

Fairer visions you may see,  
Live in nobler company,  
And in larger liberty,  
Than the men of sight.

He sometimes shuts the windows but to open hidden  
doors,  
Where all who will may wander bold and free,  
For His house has many mansions, and the mansions  
many floors,  
And every room is free to you and me.

SOME—AND SOME

SOME have much, and some have more,  
Some are rich, and some are poor,  
Some have little, some have less,  
Some have not a cent to bless  
Their empty pockets, yet possess  
True riches in true happiness.

To some—unclouded skies and sunny days,  
To some—gray weather and laborious ways,  
To all—Thy Grace,  
To those who fall—Thy tenderness.

BED-ROCK

I HAVE been tried,  
Tried in the fire,  
And I say this,

As the result of dire distress,  
And tribulation sore—  
That a man's happiness doth not consist  
Of that he hath, but of the faith  
And trust in God's great love  
These bring him to.  
Nought else is worth consideration.  
For the peace a man may find  
In perfect trust in God  
Outweighs all else, and is  
The only possible foundation  
For true happiness.

## AFTER WORK

LORD, when Thou seest that my work is done,  
Let me not linger on,  
With failing powers,  
Adown the weary hours,—  
A workless worker in a world of work.  
But, with a word,  
Just bid me home,  
And I will come  
Right gladly,—  
Yea, right gladly  
Will I come.

KAPIOLANI IN RAROTONGAN

MR. F. W. CHRISTIAN, of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, whose personal acquaintance with the South Sea Islands and their dialects is unique, is translating "Kapiolani" into Rarotongan. He writes—

"I enclose a four-line stanza which, translating your first line—'Where the great green combers break,' etc.—strictly according to East Polynesian ballad-metres, ushers in your great theme.

"'Kapiolani' will, I trust, God willing, become a household classic in many of the Eastern Islands, such as Rapa and Manahiki, where the Rarotongan language runs current as a sort of *Lingua Franca* or Sacred Esperanto, thanks to the magnificent translation of the Bible by the great missionary, John Williams. I have translated the poem most carefully, and as accurately as possible into the peculiar metre and cast of expression which an Eastern Polynesian 'Atu-Pe'e, or Versifier, would immediately grasp as idiomatic. The first lines run thus :—

Tei te ngai mangúngú—anga no te au ngaru roro'a  
 Ki rúnga no te púnga matoato'a  
 Ngáru kerekere, ngáru mamaáta e tíni  
 Ki rúnga no Te 'Ákau-Pipíni.

## FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

LORD GOD of Hosts, whose mighty hand  
Dominion holds on sea and land,  
In Peace and War Thy Will we see  
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,  
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,  
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!  
Console and succour those who fall,  
And help and hearten each and all!  
O, hear a people's prayers for those  
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,  
In weariness and agony—  
Great Healer, to their beds of pain  
Come, touch, and make them whole again!  
O, hear a people's prayers, and bless  
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come  
We pray Thy tender welcome home.  
The toil, the bitterness, all past,  
We trust them to Thy Love at last.  
O, hear a people's prayers for all  
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home,  
O, come! In tenderest pity, come!  
To anxious souls who wait in fear,  
Be Thou most wonderfully near!

And hear a people's prayers, for faith  
To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,  
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—  
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,  
And guard them from disease and death.

And in Thine own good time, Lord, send  
Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end!

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